HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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OUT FOR A FIGHT

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 21, 1898

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This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	CASPAR WHITNEY.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN R. SPEARS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, will contribute a Series of Articles, begun last week, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War.*

THE history of the conduct of the war to this date has furnished a number of illustrations of the incapacity of Congress to command the military forces, and the folly of its control of the fate of the nation in war. By reason of Congressional disregard of the military service, the army was entirely unfit to enter into the war when Congress declared it, and now that the troops are in the field, it is found that provision has not been made for their comfort, or even for the care of their health, nor is it being made with much intelligence. We do not make a special point of the appointment to staff positions of a number of young men who are absolutely unfitted and unqualified for the places to which they have been named, because influence, nepotism, political pulls, and all that sort of thing are to be expected to be peculiarly and offensively obvious whenever a democracy goes to war. Moreover, we think that Mr. MCKINLEY has done pretty well in this respect. But it is clear, from all that has happened, that history is to repeat itself, and that if the war is not ended quickly, we shall learn again the old lesson that instructed officers and disciplined men are essential to the proper conduct of a war. This lesson we have invariably learned thus far only after a serious disaster, the result of ignorance and incompetency. Fortunately, in this war the navy begins, and the naval commands are, at any rate so far, beyond the reach of men with nothing but social or political influence to recommend them, seasickness being a great deterrent to the naval ambitions of soft civilians.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND added to the forest reserve, increasing the gross area from about twenty millions to forty millions of acres. Since then the politicians from the lumber States have been trying their utmost to secure the revocation of the order, and having failed to prevail upon the Executive to work this wickedness, they finally persuaded the Senate to resolve that it ought to be done. The House, however, refused to agree, and it is to be hoped that the scheme will be finally defeated in conference committee. These reserves were made in accordance with the recommendation of the Forest Commission of 1896. They are for the benefit of the agricultural regions of the Northwest. All of them are upon mountains, except those in the extreme northern part of the West and those in the belt near the Pacific, and the preservation of the forests upon them is partly for the purpose of promoting the irrigation of the otherwise dry lands at the foot of the hills. It is not intended that the reserved lands shall be withdrawn from use, but that the danger to them from fire and unscientific cutting shall be minimized. The agricultural interest of the dry regions demands that the reserves shall be maintained as they were fixed by Presidents HARRISON and CLEVELAND. Those who suggest the rescinding the order are the men who want to steal the lumber.

WE call attention once more to the reports published in some of the daily newspapers as to the proposed movements of troops and fleets. Perhaps the government is deceiving the newspapers for the purpose of misleading the enemy, because naturally all the plans of campaign that appear in the daily press are read in Madrid within twenty-four hours of their publication here. This view is strengthened by the self-contradictory character of the newspaper plans of campaign. If the government has taken this method of minimizing the efforts of the yellow journals to defeat the country and bring success to the Spanish arms, well and good; but if it be true, as a Washington correspondent of one of the New York dailies has stated on more than one occasion, that he and his newspaper are discovering and printing news of the actual intentions of the military authorities, he and the managing editor of the paper, if not the proprietor, ought to be treated as Spanish spies. They are doing the work of spies, and much more efficient work than spies ordinarily are capable of, provided always they are telling the truth when they point out the spot at which our troops are to be landed in Cuba, and designate the time when the landing is to take place. Not many days ago a reporter of one of the New York dailies endangered the lives and risked the success of a small landing party in Cuba by premature publication of its designs. Why would not the summary incarceration of a babbling reporter or a consenting editor be a timely warning against the severer methods that must be resorted to if this practice continues to be indulged in?

WE regret to hear of the removal of Mr. WORTHINGTON C. FORD as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. Mr. FORD has made the reports of the bureau the most valuable publications that the government has ever issued. His work has been entirely that of a statistician, and of an extremely able statistician. Since Mr. DAVID A. WELLS was a government official no one has contributed so much as Mr. FORD has done to the economic knowledge of the world from a study of the transactions of the government and of commerce. Nearly all of his predecessors have used their office for partisan purposes, and the statistics of the government have generally been simply contributions to party literature. The government loses a devoted and valuable public servant in Mr. FORD, while the Bureau of Statistics again becomes practically worthless. We understand that Mr. AUSTIN, who succeeds Mr. FORD, has been appointed solely because he was of assistance to Mr. HANNA in the Presidential campaign of 1896. Mr. FORD'S removal, or his enforced resignation, was the result of a particularly contemptible bit of political management. He was protected by the civil service law, and his place could not be filled except through a competitive examination or by the transfer of some one already in the Treasury Department. Consequently a place was made for Mr. AUSTIN, in order that his appointment might be technically a transfer.

BOTH President and Congress have recognized the value of Admiral DEWEY'S victory at Manila, and the thanks of Congress and the promotion which is so richly deserved possess the fine flower of promptitude, so essential an element of true gratitude. When Admiral DEWEY'S full report reaches the country it will undoubtedly be found that there are other officers, and perhaps some sailors, worthy of distinguished merit for that occasion. The victory at Manila ranks very high among naval victories because of the thorough and workmanlike manner in which the battle was fought. Admiral DEWEY'S entrance into the harbor, notwithstanding the mines planted there and the forts that defended its entrance, was an act of great boldness. His work was quick, sharp, and decisive, and the American fleet being once in the harbor of Manila, the result that followed was almost inevitable. Nothing but ill luck could have prevented the victory. Admiral DEWEY'S certainty and quickness were not the work of the moment. They were the consequences of long and careful preparation. More than a year ago he determined that in case of a war with Spain work was to be done at the Philippines, and that there probably the first blow would be struck. With this in his mind he made a thorough study of the islands and their harbors, and determined precisely the character of the first attack. Then he applied for command of the Asiatic station. The victory at Manila, in the light of these facts, not only affords another example of the skill and courage of American officers and sailors, but is a new illustration of the value of preparedness in military operations.

WE are hearing a great deal about Spanish honor and Spanish valor from Spanish statesmen and their European admirers, and from some of our own writers of the press. Frankly, we do not believe that the Spanish people, as a people, are distinguished for courage beyond other people, and we know that their own boastings about their honor are as idle as the boastings of the New York daily press about its achievements. Many of the Spaniards are cowards, and most of them are treacherous. The conduct of the commanding officer at the arsenal at Cavité, after he had raised a flag of truce, is characteristic of the Spaniard. Commander LAMBERTON, seeing the flag of truce, went ashore to receive the surrender, when he was told that the flag of truce meant nothing, and he was surrounded by an armed guard while he conversed with the Spanish commander. If the guns of the *Petrel* had not been trained upon the arsenal, we have no doubt whatever that the Spaniards, having lured the commander and his officers and men ashore by the flag of truce, would have murdered them. That they did not murder them, and did actually and finally surrender, was due to the fact that they were afraid to carry out their desires. Another incident characteristic of Spaniards was the attempt to lure the American squadron into a narrow channel on the assurance that there were no torpedoes there. As a matter of fact, the channel was found to be as full of torpedoes as the Spaniards were of lies and treachery. It is always better to recognize the truth, even when the truth injures the reputation of one's enemies. We are fighting a contemptible, mediæval, and bigoted power, among whose soldiers and sailors are many brave men, but who, as a race, are precisely what might be expected from their bigotry, their cruelty, and the venality and incompetency of their government.

THOSE WHO HELP THE COUNTRY, AND THOSE WHO DO NOT.

THE war has begun, and the country has the support and the services of all of its best citizens. Now that the call to duty and to sacrifice has been made, there is no longer any hesitation, especially on the part of those who thought that war might have been avoided, and that the substantial gains of the President's diplomacy ought to have inured to the benefit of the country, and to its protection against the evils and losses of war. But all the efforts of those who wished to avoid the evil day were in vain, and war came. We ventured to predict not only that the patriotism of those who dreaded war would at once be manifested in the most significant manner the moment the necessity was presented, but that those who were most noisy and most efficient in bringing on the conflict would be the last to risk their persons at the front. We excepted Mr. ROOSEVELT from the general mass of Jingoes, because we think we are familiar with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S leading trait. He is an Anglophile of the most extravagant kind, and is consumed with a burning, and what we hold to be an unwise, desire that this government shall abandon its ancient traditions, and even modify its form and purpose, in order to imitate colonizing Great Britain. Mr. ROOSEVELT is as earnest as he is un-American, and mingled with his love of English methods and his mania for imitating them is a strong inherent passion for the fray. We do not agree with Mr. ROOSEVELT, but we respect his sincerity and his courage, and have therefore excepted him from the shouting company in which he found himself in the preliminary stages before the war.

At present he is shoulder to shoulder with those who dreaded war and its evil consequences, and who tried to avoid it to the best of their ability, but who are now behind the country in its evil day with their possessions and their lives. There is no organized body that better represents these conservative citizens than the Chamber of Commerce of New York. Other like bodies are equally representative; but this one has spoken, and what it has said is expressive of the sentiments and the purposes of the industrial body throughout the country. Our merchant guilds have never failed the country when they have been called upon to make sacrifice or incur danger for her. The merchants of the land are themselves representatives of its Americanism. The bankers, the professional men, the farmers, the mechanics, the working-men, and the merchants make up the body of our citizenship; and whatever may be their differences of opinion in times when peace permits of difference, they are always united when the country needs them for its defence. For all these the organized merchants usually speak—at least what the merchants say at such a time is usually what is thought by all who make the prosperity of the country; for the merchants speak not as merchants, but as citizens, and what they express is the feeling and thought of good citizenship.

Not many days ago the Chamber of Commerce spoke its word on the subject of the war. It had been for peaceful measures, and it had given its support strongly to the President in his efforts to find a peaceful solution of the fast-crowding difficulties between the United States and Spain. When, however, peaceful efforts had failed, it had to say, on motion of Mr. SETH LOW, that the "people

of the United States, by the almost unanimous action of their government, are at war with Spain for the purpose of securing for the people of Cuba a free and stable government"; "that every instinct of humanity and patriotism demands that in such a controversy the people sustain the government with all their power"; that the Chamber of Commerce, "mindful of its own loyal and patriotic past, pledge its unqualified and hearty support to the President and Congress"; that the Chamber will "willingly and heartily bear its share of the common burdens, whatever they may be, to the end that such a peace may speedily be obtained as will inure to the benefit of our Cuban neighbors, and to the domestic quiet and prosperity of the United States." A committee of distinguished men was appointed "to take such action as may from time to time be necessary in order to give to this action of the Chamber its greatest possible efficiency and value." Then the Chamber passed a vote of thanks to Commodore DEWEY and to the gallant officers and sailors of the Asiatic squadron.

Among the members of the committee appointed "to give to this action of the Chamber its greatest possible efficiency and value" are Mr. LOW, ex-Governor MORTON, Mr. CARL SCHURZ, Mr. ABRAM S. HEWITT, and Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD. They are not Jingoes, and they had hoped for peace, but all who know them and their associates will entertain no doubt that so long as the country is at war they will stand ready to devote themselves—all that they are and all that they have—to her service. And they will do this because they are good citizens and gentlemen to whom duty is always the first consideration, and who believe profoundly that the maintenance and defence of the republic constitute a sacred duty. The merchants of this country, and the great body of producers and distributers — the industrial army that has made this country great and prosperous — upon whom republican institutions must depend in the troublous times that, we fear, are coming to us, and for whom the Chamber of Commerce spoke as absolutely as it spoke for itself—these are the men whose forebears fought and suffered with WASHINGTON to make the republic and with GRANT to save it. From the ranks of industrial and quiet men are now coming the volunteers who must bear the burden of this war, and out of the savings of the same people must come the money to build the ships, to buy the arms, and to clothe and feed the soldiers and sailors who are doing the fighting. These men must now sustain the credit of the country, as they sustained it in the early days of the war of secession, and again, five years ago, when the advocates of free coinage and irredeemable paper brought upon the country a panic which seriously involved the government itself. The money and the troops are coming from the sober citizens of the land who, like the Chamber of Commerce, recognize that, after all, the war was inevitable. They know now, as Mr. LOW expressed it, that "events beyond our control have created in both countries a public feeling which has rendered the people of each country, for the time being, probably incapable of doing full justice to each other. Under these circumstances," he added, "war has come; and, in view of these circumstances, it seems to me it may justly be said that war was inevitable." The people, as we have said before, believe in the righteousness of their cause, and now that they are actually face to face with the Spaniard, whom they despise, and whose barbarous and venal government they abhor, they will fight with the consciousness that they are carrying on a holy war; that, to quote again from Mr. LOW'S speech in support of the Chamber of Commerce resolutions, "they are fighting the battle of humanity and the battle of civilization." The promise that the Chamber of Commerce has made will be fulfilled.

In the mean time what do we hear from the Jingoes who lashed the country into the war, who filled the ears of the people with lies, and who would not permit the humane objects for which we are now engaged in war to be accomplished by peaceful methods? Mr. ROOSEVELT has become a lieutenant-colonel, while Mr. BAILEY, Senator ALLEN, Senator MORGAN, Senator TILLMAN, and the rest of the gallant crew of shouters are doing their utmost to prevent the government from obtaining the means to carry on the war. They hurried us into the contest before we were ready. They brought on the war at a time when we had no troops to support the navy. They have thrown obstacles in the way of nearly every effort to make the army more efficient. They have insulted the instructed officers of the army, and have refused to provide even the necessaries of life for the volunteers. They stand stubbornly in the way of providing the money needed for the war which their shouting has precipitated. The Treasury is really without funds that may properly be used to meet the emergency appropriation of $50,000,000, and yet the Democrats and Populists insist that no money shall be borrowed. In the place of bonds they propose a burdensome and vexatious scheme of taxation, the coinage of the seigniorage on silver in the Treasury, something which is non-existent, and the issue of $150,000,000 of greenbacks. If this scheme which is recommended by the Senate Finance Committee should peradventure go through, the credit of the country would sink towards the level of Spains, and gold would at once begin to disappear. This expresses the height and substance of the patriotism of the passed Democratic leaders. They are against bonds, although bonds are necessary, because they love their monetary theories better than they love their country. They are for greenbacks and impracticable taxation, because they love their party better than they love their country. This is as we expected. The yellow journals are doing their utmost to betray the country by revealing the secrets of the campaign, and the yellow statesmen are working the war for silver and themselves. Meanwhile the conservative men who dreaded war are paying for it, and are at the front ready to fight it.

PUBLIC LIFE AS A CAREER.

THE resignation of the Secretaryship of State by JOHN SHERMAN severs almost the last link which connects the public men of the closing years of the century with the generation that occupied the stage when the civil war broke out. Mr. SHERMAN entered the lower branch of Congress in 1855, and he has been a member of one or other branch, or has held a seat in the cabinet, ever since. Senator MORRILL of Vermont, who was sworn in as representative the same day with Mr. SHERMAN, has also held office in Washington continuously for about forty-three years; but there is no other public man now conspicuous whose career opened earlier than 1861.

Mr. SHERMAN is a type of the man who, half a century ago, aspired to a career in the public service, and found conditions under which his ambition might be realized. Such a man then must needs be a person of intellectual force, capable of developing policies of government, skilful in the championship of such policies, effective in carrying them out when he should have converted the electorate to his views. It was the expectation of "the fathers" that the highest ability in the land would be attracted by the opportunities of public life, and that there would be no obstacle to the entrance of such ability.

This expectation is no longer realized. There are still men of the traditional type in high station, but they constitute the exceptions rather than the rule. Mr. SHERMAN'S successor in the Senate represents another and very different type. Without any experience in office before his elevation to the upper branch of Congress, and without any of those qualifications which were once held indispensable, MARK HANNA would have been laughed at if he had sought high place in Ohio when SHERMAN and GIDDINGS and CHASE represented the standard in that State.

The falling off is even more striking in other States. Think of New York in the Senate, with EDWARD MURPHY representing one of the great parties and THOMAS C. PLATT the other! Turn to Pennsylvania, with QUAY and PENROSE standing for the political organization which prides itself upon having by far the larger part of the intelligence and morality of the commonwealth in its ranks! Consider WILLIAM E. MASON as a successor in the Senate to LYMAN TRUMBULL from Illinois! One does not need to multiply illustrations to show that public life does not now secure the type of man that it commanded a generation ago.

What explains the change? One cause which has been at work is seldom recognized. This is the immense attractiveness and the vast rewards of an industrial career during the period since the civil war. Intellectual ability, executive talent, the capacity to bring things to pass, have found a scope for action in the United States in this field such as was never before presented anywhere in the world. The utilization of steam, and more recently of electricity; the development of transportation systems; the cultivation of great industries—these have tempted into their service not merely the born inventor, but also the man who in an age of less material activity would have thought first of public life.

This temptation from the outside has been accompanied by obstacles on the inside. The high-minded man of intellectual force, with a natural interest in the problems of government and a laudable ambition to help in solving them, has found it increasingly difficult to secure even a foothold in public life. The growth of the machine has made the very entrance upon such a career under self-respecting conditions impossible in the State of Pennsylvania, and the conditions are only less intolerable in other parts of the country. The man with a mind of his own is not wanted, and will not be endured, by the boss.

What is the outlook for public life in this country during the first half of the next century? Are the young men of marked ability, lofty ambition, and high aims, who are now coming upon the stage of action, to be found in our chief offices twenty, thirty, and forty years hence? There will undoubtedly be attractions in the industrial world to tempt them by the promise of large material rewards. But these attractions will not alone suffice to divert them. Plenty of men will disregard such considerations if they can honorably secure offices in which they feel that they can be useful and happy on incomes only a fifth or a tenth what they might make elsewhere.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Sunday, May 8.—Despatches from Hong-kong, beyond all comparison the news of to-day, amplify and, as to certain details, correct the account given under date of May 2:

Our fleet arrived at Subig Bay, about thirty miles north of Manila Bay, on Saturday, April 30. The *Baltimore* and the *Concord* were sent forward to reconnoitre. When they reported that they found no war-vessels at the entrance of Manila Bay, Dewey decided to risk the mines.

The flagship *Olympia*, the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Concord*, the *Boston*, the *Petrel*, and the *McCulloch*, in the order given, entered Manila Bay Saturday night, passing Corregidor Island at eight o'clock. When a mile beyond Corregidor, two shots were fired by the enemy, and the *Raleigh*, *Concord*, and *Boston* replied. Then the squadron proceeded slowly, so that it should be within striking distance of Manila just at daybreak. With a speed of eight knots, our ships first passed in front of the city. Two mines were exploded ahead of the *Olympia*; but, without faltering, and also without replying to the Spanish batteries (for to reply from that position would have been to send destruction into the city), the steady advance was maintained, until, at nineteen minutes of six o'clock, at a distance of 5500 yards, the *Olympia* fired her first shot at the Spanish forts, and presently the *Baltimore* and *Boston* attacked the forward vessels of the Spanish fleet. The *Olympia* steered for the centre of the Spanish line, until at a distance of four thousand yards the deep draught of our vessels constrained Dewey to change his course and run parallel to the Spanish column. Then the command was given, "Open with all guns!" Four runs along the Spanish line were made. Then the *Olympia's* navigator, finding the chart incorrect, told the Commodore he believed he could take the ship nearer the enemy. Accordingly the fifth course was run within two thousand yards. At this range even the 6-pounders were effective. The enemy's fire slackened, and it was seen that three of their vessels were burning. Action ceased temporarily at twenty-five minutes of eight o'clock, and the men had breakfast, while our ships remained beyond the range of the enemy's guns. At ten minutes of eleven "close action" was signalled, and with the *Baltimore* leading, the Americans approached to finish the work; but little power of resistance remained in the enemy's fleet or batteries. The *Raleigh*, *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Petrel* were sent into the inner harbor to bring the affair to a quick conclusion, and here the *Petrel*, with her rapid and accurate firing, showed herself particularly efficient, her light draught enabling her to approach within one thousand yards. After the battle the policy of the victor towards the city seems to be pretty accurately summed up in a phrase of the despatch dated Cavité, May 4: "Will protect foreign residents." Dewey anchored his fleet off Manila, and sent notice of blockade to Augusti. Coupled with this notice was a warning that if a single shot were fired at the American vessels the town would be bombarded.

Monday, May 9.—In his message to Congress to-day President McKinley says: "By the 4th of May Commodore Dewey had taken possession of the naval station at Cavité, destroying the fortifications there and at the entrance of the bay, and paroling their garrisons. The waters of the bay are under his complete control. He has established hospitals within the American lines, where 250 of the Spanish sick and wounded are assisted and protected." The President continues: "I now recommend that . . . the thanks of Congress be given *Acting Rear-Admiral* George Dewey, of the United States Navy."

Tuesday, May 10.—Señor Sagasta, in the course of an interview, said that the Spanish government had done "everything to avoid a conflict—more even than it should have done. Then our adversaries began to treat us with contempt; war became inevitable. . . . The situation is very simple, and, unfortunately, cannot be concealed. Spain is desolated and ruined by internal troubles. The United States *has coveted Cuba for a long time.*"

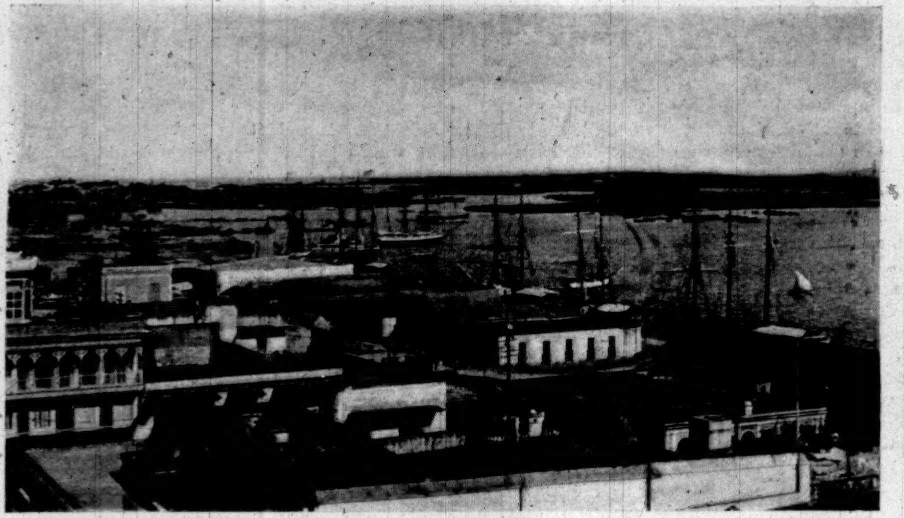
Disturbances in the Spanish provinces are increasing. A despatch from Madrid says the rioting indicates a spirit of desperation due to the high price of bread.

In New York and Chicago there were sensational advances in the price of wheat, especially in May and July futures, yesterday.

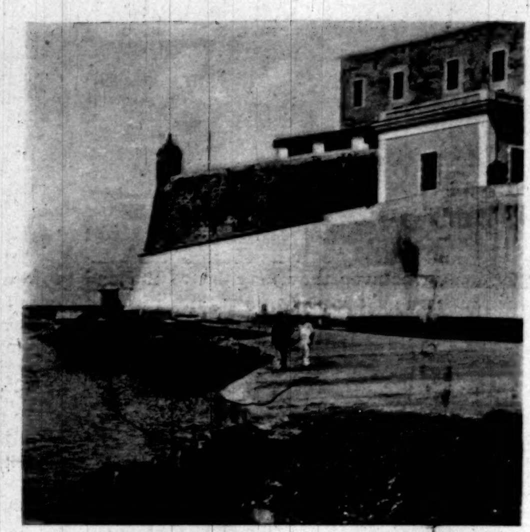
Information, characterized both as "official" and "unconfirmed," has been received that the Spanish fleet from Cape Verde Islands has returned to Cadiz.

Despatches from Spain: Phenomenal fall in the exchange in favor of Spanish money, the rate yesterday having been 215, whereas this morning it fell to 195, and at the close offers were refused at 150. Rumored that the Bank of Paris and the Netherlands will provide funds for the next coupons on the bonds.

(*Continued on page 498.*)



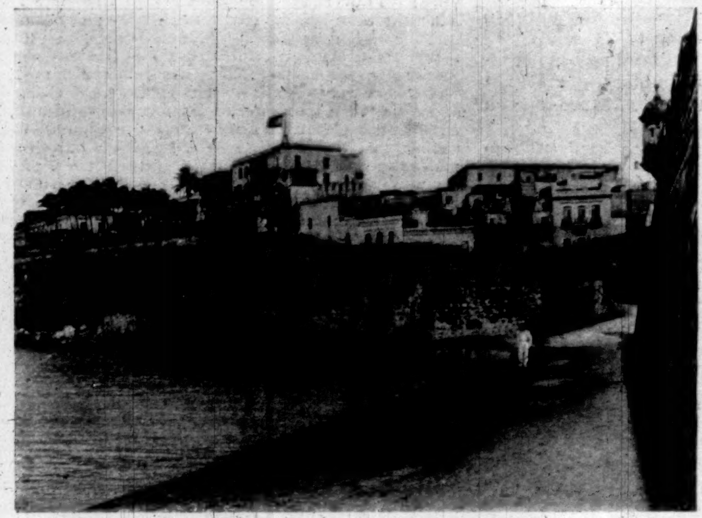
WATER-FRONT AND HARBOR.



THE FORTIFICATIONS.

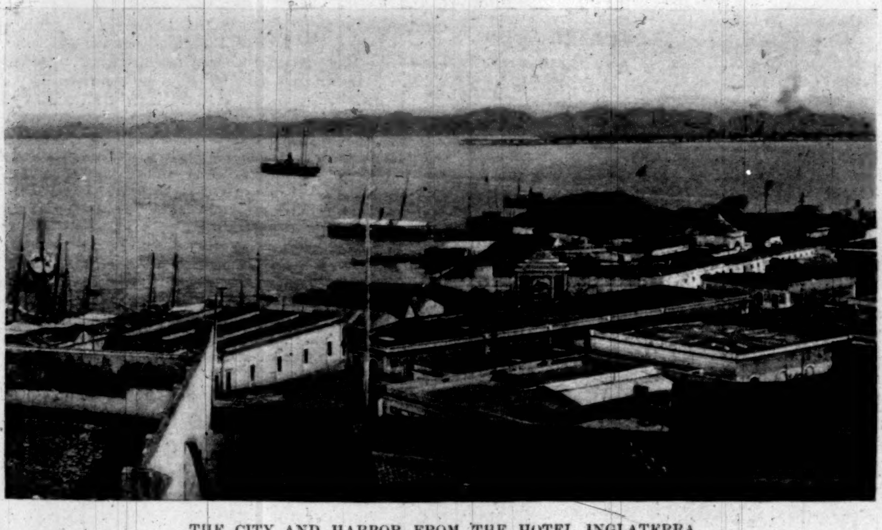
STREET OF THE CROSS.

TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSES.

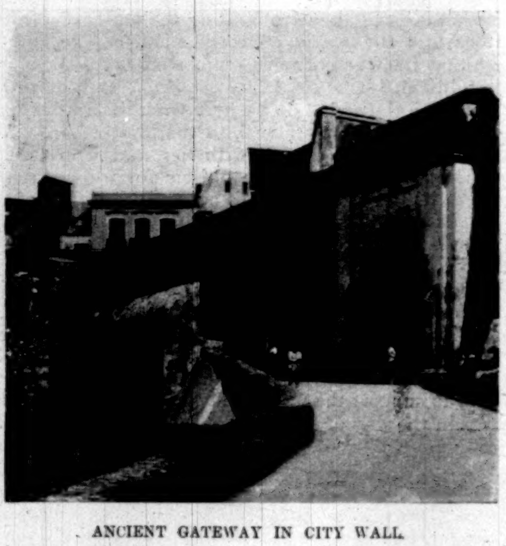


THE CITY FROM THE SEA-WALL.

PRINCESS PROMENADE.



THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM THE HOTEL INGLATERRA.

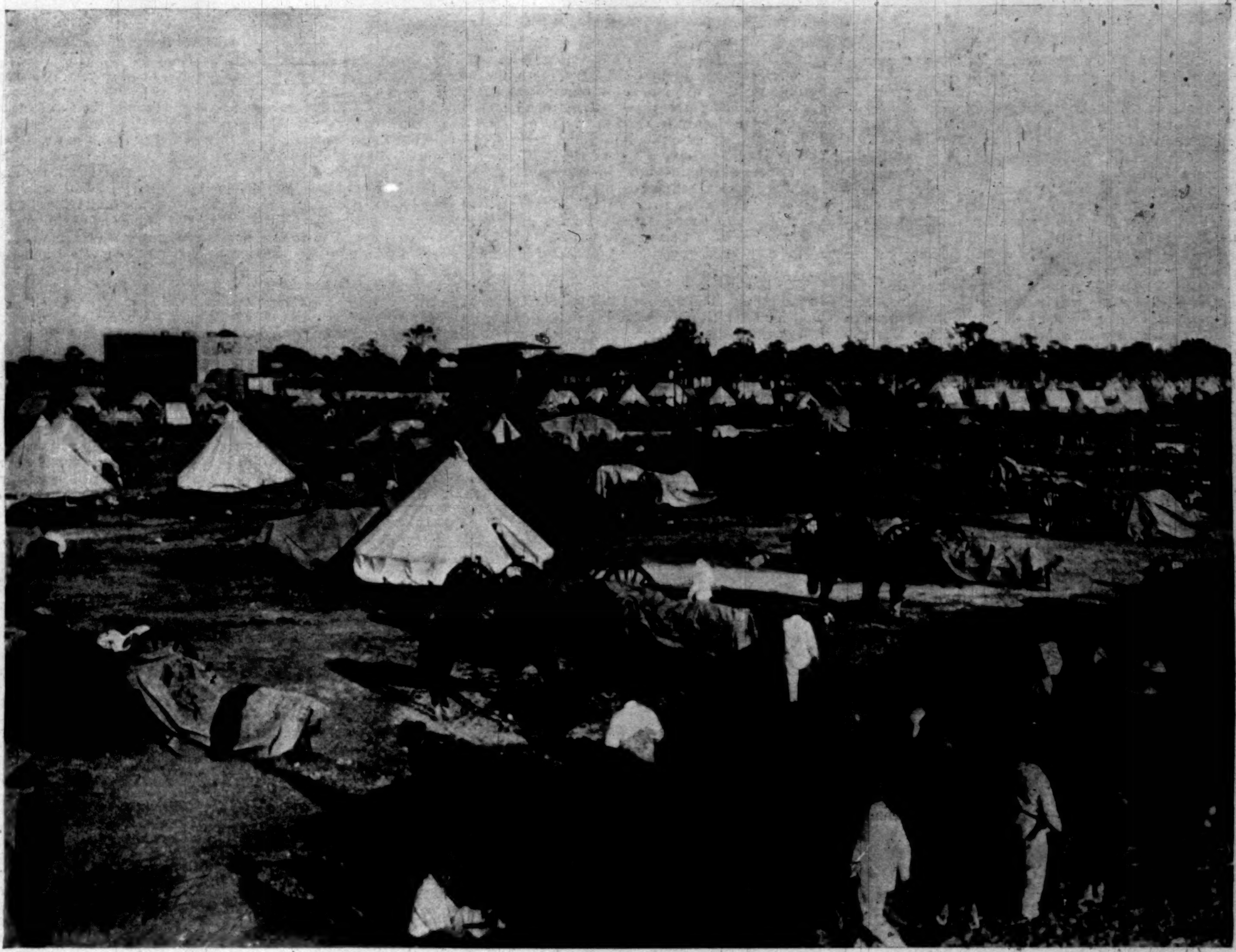


ANCIENT GATEWAY IN CITY WALL.

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA—SCENES IN THE CAPITAL OF PORTO RICO

STREET IN CAMP OF 9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED).

WATERING HORSES—9TH U. S. CAVALRY.



ARTILLERY CAMP DURING STABLE HOUR.

DETACHMENT OF CORPS OF ENGINEERS JUST ARRIVED FROM WEST POINT.

U. S. ARTILLERYMEN PACKING SADDLES.

WITH THE UNITED STATES REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA—BITS OF CAMP LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

LONDON.

April 30, 1898.

The debate on foreign affairs was carried on in the House of Commons last night in the absence of any direct representative of the Foreign Office. Mr. Balfour, who spoke with his usual subtlety and charm, left upon the House somewhat the impression that they were listening to an irresolute amateur. In truth he had a hard case to sustain. But a few weeks elapsed between Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's dramatic threat of war to preserve the "open door" in China and the day when it was shut with a clang in the teeth of British protests. Mr. Balfour did not state the simple reason why the British ministry stood by and suffered the perfidy and mendacity of the Russian government to pass without other action than obtaining the reversion to Wei-hai-wei. Two ministers have explained to me in almost identical words the real reason why Great Britain permitted British men-of-war to be withdrawn from Port Arthur, the fifty-second article of the Treaty of Tien-tsin between England and China to be abrogated by Russia, and accepted without protest the falsification of the Tzar's sacred word within a week of his Majesty's pledge being given. The reason is this: Ministers believe that with the expenditure of sixty thousand lives and a thousand million of dollars Russia could have been turned out of Port Arthur. But when she had been turned out the military situation would have remained untouched, while a legacy of deadly hatred would have been transmitted to the next generation. And for what?

Port Arthur is not a trade centre, and, rightly or wrongly, ministers have decided that when England fights Russia the occasion shall be one that directly touches British interests. The theory in government circles is that Wei-hai-wei is an adequate answer to Port Arthur. There is much in this contention, but at the same time there is no doubt that ministers should have withheld credit from Russian assurances. They were deceived, and they ought not to have been deceived. In their favor, however, it may be said that France views Russia's advance in the Far East with growing suspicion. It is not to England's interest to do anything that would strengthen the gradual weakening of the tie between the two parties to the dual alliance. The result of the debate is undoubtedly damaging to Lord Salisbury and his nephew, and is therefore weakening to the ministry. Mr. Chamberlain is looked upon as the one strong man to whom the nation may turn in an emergency. His unpopularity in France reminds historical students of the hatred and suspicion inspired by Pitt in the minds of all Frenchmen. Lord Salisbury is a French tax-payer, and has a French home to which he continually resorts. He is a man of peace, and he is liked and respected by the tribe of Paris journalists who represent French opinion.

The conduct of foreign affairs in the centre of the British Empire at the present time is marked by features as peculiar as they are novel. Lord Salisbury, as all the world knows, is ill in the south of France. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Curzon, has also broken down in health, and has not been in his place in the House of Commons since the session began. He has two bodily ailments, either of which may cut short his career. Mr. Balfour, who, as well as being First Lord of the Treasury, is virtually acting Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons, is nevertheless compelled to add Mr. Curzon's Foreign Office responsibilities to his ordinary work in the Commons and at the Treasury. The demand on his strength is more than equal to his physical resources. Mr. Balfour, I have reason to know, is seriously anxious about Mr. Curzon's health. In a short time the chief administrative post under the crown, that of the Governor-Generalship of India, will have to be filled up. Mr. Curzon was one of the two alternative nominations contemplated by the government. It would have been an unsatisfactory and possibly dangerous appointment, partly because Mr. Curzon does not enjoy the physical health indispensable to an Indian Viceroy; and secondly, because two or three trips to India have given him a modicum of local knowledge which would probably strengthen his tendency to become his own adviser in technical matters.

The number of young men in training for statecraft is too few to enable the country to dispense with the services of one who, like Mr. Curzon, has spared neither pains nor trouble to acquaint himself with the meaning of the phrase "British Empire." His illness is producing unfortunate results in the administration of the Foreign Office. Now that both the Secretary of State and the Under-Secretary are ill, the actual work devolves upon the permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Thomas Sanderson. This gentleman belongs to the old school, and certainly he is not in touch with the modern spirit, while his immediate subordinates are not of that intellectual calibre which would enable them to make up for the deficiencies of their official chief. The Foreign Office is a close corporation. Into all the other public offices, with a possible exception of the Treasury, entrance is attainable by examination, the ablest men being first choice. In the Foreign Office a different procedure is followed. After obtaining the nomination of the Secretary of State for passing the necessary examination, the aspirant for employment in the one exclusive service still left as a preserve for the great families is sent for by the authorities. If his looks and manners, parentage and means, are agreeable to the powers that be, he obtains leave to work for several years without pay. In the course of time he is posted to a foreign embassy or legation as attaché. Promotion is extremely slow, and by the time an ambassadorship falls vacant his best years are behind him.

At no time has Great Britain been represented abroad by a larger proportion of mediocrities than is now the case. There is much, of course, to be said against the American system. At all events it does contrive to obtain virile and determined men who are not merely an amalgam of civility and sealing-wax. If the "F. O.," as it is affectionately termed in the diplomatic service, and the embassies and legations are out of favor with the people, their displeasure is warranted. A few weeks ago I had a personal experience in this matter. A communication vitally affecting the interests of a considerable number of people was addressed to the Foreign Office. After waiting a fortnight without receiving an acknowledgment, a long and complicated letter on the same subject was addressed to the Colonial Office. Within six hours of its receipt the answer of the Secretary of State was in the hands of the writer. All this points to the necessity of more businesslike methods being introduced into the Foreign Department. That is equivalent to saying that more men of business must be introduced into high office. Hitherto members of the mercantile class have been permitted to attain cabinet rank as a favor. Since the Revolution the great governing families have looked on cabinet office as a monopoly for themselves and their nominees. Phenomena like Mr. Bright or Mr. Chamberlain, both of whom attained the highest position in the government of the country at one bound, are the exceptions. If the government of the empire is not to collapse, it must be conducted on business lines.

The fact that the Foreign Office in its present state of disorganization has to deal with such a government as that of France is a matter for sinister reflection. Look at the facts! The superior officers of the French army consider themselves as the depositaries of all power, but irresponsible, because distinct from and even hostile to the civil state. They plead special rights, immunity from the operations of civil law, and the possession of a separate code of honor. They are, in fact, a corporation above the law, above the courts, above the government. They are anti-civilian in feeling. They alone represent the physical force which is the dominant factor in human affairs, and override the French constitution with impunity when it so pleases them. Suspicious and disdainful of the elected civilian ministry, the latter are able to do nothing that displeases the omnipotent soldiery. To avoid "irritating the army" the French government is compelled not only to disregard, but to trample on the rights of other nations. Again and again Monsieur Hanotaux is said to have admitted the indefeasible rights of the British on the disputed question in South Africa, but he dare not yield redress or pay indemnity, because to do so would touch the pride of his military masters. The government of France to-day is a menace to the peace of the world, a rôle that has been displayed by successive forms of French government for many centuries.

The lawlessness of the French government is reflected in the press. The unanimity of objurgation against England for her attitude towards Spain and the United States is now the marked feature of the French press. The *Libre Parole* presents to the world French opinion in miniature, when it stigmatizes England as the hypocritical accomplice of the United States. "Their alliance is," it declares, "an ignominy; but it is just as well, perhaps, that they should work together, for the day upon which they will be called to account by international justice—the day when the British leech will be forced to disgorge, and Europe resolves to no longer tolerate the disgrace of allowing the law to be laid down by such assassins and malefactors as John Bull and Brother Jonathan—then it will have reason for congratulation that they will be able to invoke no excuse for mercy. They have been brothers in infamy, and history will sooner or later chastise them altogether." This language gives pointed, if undiplomatic, expression to Continental antipathies that are by no means confined to France. In Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy peoples and governments are antipathetic to the principles represented by the stars and stripes. A despatch from the Washington correspondent of the London *Times* that appeared on April 23 has attracted wide attention, because, after describing an interview with the President, the distinguished correspondent says that Mr. McKinley turns a somewhat "deaf ear to the warnings of the European Continent."

Do not let the American public make any mistake about the facts. If England is unpopular on the Continent it is partly because she is strong, and partly because she is not only free, but the friend of freedom in other lands. America is disliked among the despotisms for the same reasons. Continental powers know that the organized armed strength of the United States at the end of this war, let it end when it may, will make America a match for the great powers, whether in the Pacific or in the Atlantic. Foreigners perceive that the rescue of Cuba from Spanish brutality will introduce the United States into the circle of the great European powers. To her will fall the disposition of the Philippine Islands, and perhaps of Morocco—sweet morsels hankered after by Germany, by Japan, and by France. With the direct entry of the United States into the territorial interests of the wide world her rôle in the drama of the next century will be a leading one.

Furthermore, the policy of Spain may be to make of the war a succession of slow campaigns, and thus to render the capture of Cuba but one incident in a long struggle. European nations, other than Great Britain, regard the approach to the shores of Spain of the great Western influence with feelings of abhorrence, dismay, and surprise. They are beginning to see that while for Spain there are two ways out of the trouble that besets her, for the United States there is but one. Whatever the cost, and whatever the sacrifice, the American republic cannot stay her hand until Spain has been driven out of her colonial empire in East and West. And, lastly, they know that whatever suffering may be caused to the Spaniards, and whatever steps are taken by the United States to insure victory, and however needless the war may have been, America will command the firm friendship of England. I have taken pains to discover the qualifications of the persons responsible for the principal attacks on America that have appeared in the London press, so far as they have come under my notice. In each case I learn that the writer has visited neither Spain nor the States. Alien influences have inspired utterances which no writer of true English blood could have penned. With regard to the working-men and the middle classes, there is nothing to report. The keenest interest is taken. Newspapers are published several times a day, including Sundays, but not a single daily paper of influence is found to break the consensus of anxious solicitude for the speedy success of American arms.

Still, those London letters, to be of any value to thinking men, must form an accurate miniature or reflection of English opinion, and must not be merely an echo of pleasant things which the American public may naturally desire to hear. I have taken considerable pains to ascertain how far public opinion in this country is not unanimous with regard to the Spanish war. With the exception of one or two London journals already referred to—the *Saturday Review*, for example, which now carries no weight whatever with those able to weigh the character as well as appreciate the smartness of a newspaper—there is no organ in London that is not—ostensibly, at all events—friendly to the United States. In the provinces there is one marked exception to the general chorus of respect for the humanity and chivalry displayed by the American people in giving their sons and their substance to end the ghastly series of Cuban horrors. Mr. Joseph Cowen, the editor and proprietor of the Newcastle *Chronicle*, and for many years Member of Parliament for Newcastle-on-Tyne, is a man of extraordinary power. Memories of his eloquence still linger in the corridors of the House of Commons. As a writer he exercises a powerful influence throughout the north of England. He is a man of earnest convictions, great learning, large wealth, high character, and absolute independence. His utterances, therefore, are not to be neglected. He speaks with authority, and not as a scribe.

Mr. Cowen's newspaper publishes a daily diatribe against the United States. From early youth Mr. Cowen has been the friend of revolutionaries. When he finds himself among the majority he is ill at ease. He breathes freely only when in a minority. He was the friend of Garibaldi, of Mazzini, of Kossuth, of Krapotkine, of Stepniak, and of every conspirator who for the last thirty years has held aloft the torch of liberty. For a nation to be weak and subject to the coercion of a stronger power, in Mr. Cowen's eyes, is equivalent to the righteousness of that weak nation's cause. In the present struggle he sees that America is strong and that Spain is weak. By his favorite process of ratiocination he contends, with great eloquence, day by day, that America is wrong and that Spain is right. I have long entertained so much respect and admiration for Mr. Cowen's invincible honesty of purpose, and for the dogged courage he has shown throughout his whole life as the champion of the weak, that I cannot regard his attacks upon the motives and the conduct of the United States with the contempt that may be safely accorded to that portion of the London press which raises a jarring note in the chorus of sympathy and loyalty to our kinsmen across the sea. With all his honesty and courage, however, Mr. Cowen's judgment has been at fault before now. He was a home-ruler of the most pronounced and even desperate type, but he saw the fruits of the home-rule agitation turn to dust before his eyes. In Parliament the great distinction of his career was marred by an incapacity ever to get on with the majority. He is a friend of Turkey. Now majorities are sometimes right, and even strong nations occasionally vindicate a just cause against a nation that is neither strong nor just. With the exception of Mr. Cowen there is not one single organ of public opinion that carries weight in the country that is not warmly on the side of the States.

The payment of the sealing award is timely, and has made an excellent impression. If there has been undue delay in its payment, that delay is forgotten. A precedent of great importance has now been laid down, and the adherence of Congress to the principle of arbitration as shown in the acceptance of the verdict of the Commission has produced happy effects both on public opinion and on responsible statesmen.

At the quarterly dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club this week a pleasant incident took place that marked the brotherly relations between the men of letters employing the English language on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. George W. Cable, the author of *Old Creole Days*, was to be one of the guests, but as his steamer had only arrived at Liverpool on the day of the dinner it was uncertain whether he could attend. Mr. Cable, however, arrived in time to respond on behalf of the guests. He had never set foot in England before, and although with barely an hour's experience of London, his graceful and most feeling speech exhibited with rare felicity the reality of Anglo-American relationship by the common indebtedness of Anglo-Saxon literature to the same well-springs. Mr. George Cable's speech made a great impression upon a highly critical and distinguished audience. Mr. Asquith, the late Home Secretary, who was another of the guests, delivered an appreciation of the Persian poet which those who heard it will not willingly forget.

The private view of the Royal Academy was held yesterday. The absence of Millais and Leighton was conspicuous, but the exhibition of 1898 is considered decidedly above the average. There is but one painter, however, and he is an American by birth, whose works reveal the subtle fires of genius. It is needless to say that I speak of Mr. Sargent. His portrait of Mr. Wertheimer is simply amazing. It is a masterpiece, though by no means so attractive from the point of view of color and line as the "Mrs. Carl Meyer" of last year's Academy. Between Mr. Sargent, who is represented by eight portraits, and the rest of the exhibitors there is a deep canyon. As a portrait-painter he is Eclipse. The rest are nowhere. In the department of landscape the exhibition of 1898 is decidedly below the average. The purchases of the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest are likely to give rise to severe criticism. This trust consists in the administration of a fund for the purchase of promising pictures of rising artists on behalf of the nation. These pictures are hung in the Tate Gallery, and the honor of being chosen by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest is one that is highly prized by young artists.

I cannot refrain from expressing some sense of the difficulty I feel in recording the ordinary events of London life for the benefit of the American public when each American home into which the Weekly enters may be living under the shadow of possible calamity. The reports of fighting off the coast of Cuba have roused as much interest here as the recent battle of the Atbara. Coldness towards the States is of cosmopolitan origin. It is not a British product.

Arnold White.

THIS BUSY WORLD

An interesting war measure which the newspapers record is the decision of the Boston Athletic Association to remit the dues of those of its members who go to the war. Officers of the regular army and navy are favored by most clubs in the matter of dues, and it seems proper that the same practical courtesy should be shown in war-time to volunteers.

Yale University, as has been stated in the WEEKLY, wants about four million dollars for various uses proper to its business. President Harper of Chicago University says that it will take about five millions to put his institution beyond the risk of immediate want. Its property and funds already in hand are valued at about $12,000,000. Yale's endowment is stated to be about $4,500,000, nearly all gained within the last ten years. Harvard has about $9,000,000 endowment, and her expenses are about $1,000,000 a year. These are not very large figures compared with the cost of a war, but still they are respectable. What it costs to build a battle-ship would endow a moderate-sized college very handsomely, and the cost of a fair-sized squadron would provide liberally for a full-fledged university. All round sums, however, except war appropriations, dwindle beside Uncle Sam's annual pension bill.

Ensign Worth Bagley, who was killed on May 11 on the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, in an action in Cardenas Harbor, came from Raleigh, North Carolina. His father, the late W. H. Bagley, was clerk of the Supreme Court of that State. His grandfather was ex-Governor Jonathan Worth. He was graduated from Annapolis in 1895, and was promoted to be Ensign in June, 1897. He was well known at the Naval Academy as a football-player, and was perhaps the most efficient midshipman in that line of endeavor that the Academy has had. He was on the team for four years, and contributed very greatly to the defeat of the West Point cadets in the match of 1892. His picture as a naval cadet is given herewith.

ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, U.S.N.
Executive Officer Torpedo-boat "Winslow." Killed in Action in Cardenas Harbor, May 11.

It grows harder every day for citizen sovereigns of the United States to supervise the development of their country's destinies, and still find time for the transaction of their private business. Merely to keep an eye on Congress, watch the President's appointments, and show intelligent interest in local self-government have been used to tax pretty seriously the average conscientious voter's leisure, but since the new war began, his responsibilities have been increased by the duty of following plans and movements by sea and land, and criticising new schemes of taxation, methods of getting out troops, and military and naval expedients by the score. So far the voter's attention has been taken up by concerns near home, but now a broadening of interests and responsibilities confronts him which is fit to make him curtail his hours of rest, postpone all relaxations, and bend all his energies to the assimilation of new ideas and the projection of new policies. We have got Manila; we are likely to have Porto Rico; we are threatened with the acquisition of Hawaii; we have assumed heavy responsibilities about Cuba; we may have to capture the Canaries. In a month's time our improvised drum-beat may be chasing the traditional British rub-a-dub around the world, and the sun may dodge about in vain for a corner in which to set out of sight of American territory. Truly the voter has need to open his eyes, take in more newspapers, read more books, think harder, and struggle generally to qualify himself to grasp new situations, and deal intelligently with matters affecting the interests and relations of the whole family of nations. The history that is making so fast threatens to affect the conditions of existence all over the world for perhaps a century to come, and indeed for all future time. It is mighty interesting to be alive in such a period, but the wear and tear of it is very considerable. What must impress every thoughtful person is that if we are coming out of our big shell, and are about to share in the distractions of the great world, we must manage somehow to get our ablest and best men into public life, and keep them there. Undoubtedly we have the men, and the money, and all the essentials to the occupation and maintenance of a great place, but our apparatus for getting the right men in the right places, and for putting our money where it will do the most good, does not yet work as surely and effectually as it should. The most practical conclusion that must result from the agitation of the contemporary voter's mind is bound to take the form of a conviction that it is time for the best there is in us to come out, for the really big men to be put forward, and for the bosses and the blatherskites to find their natural level.

Our Spanish neighbors seem to find special solace in speaking of Americans as "Yankee pigs." We may be pardoned if we fail to see the peculiar fitness or propriety of this epithet; but the Spaniards need comfort, and even if we could hinder them from such consolation as this calling of names gives them, we wouldn't be so mean as to do it. A correspondent of the WEEKLY thinks that possibly this apparent imputation of swinishness to all Americans is not really so insulting as it seems, but comes from the deep impression made upon the European mind by Chicago pork, and possibly also by manufacturers of that popular commodity, who, having grown affluent in their business, have chosen to enlarge their minds and those of their families by foreign travel. American pork may well have impressed Europe, but as for American pork-packers, it does not seem credible that they have gone abroad in sufficient numbers to have affected the imagination of the Europeans, nor is there reason to believe that they are unlike other American manufacturers in manners or appearance. The chances seem to be that the Spanish call us pigs because that is a contemptuous designation and eases their minds.

As an example of the present workings of the Spanish mind, here is a translation of a bit of verse entitled "A Yanquia," which is copied admiringly out of a Spanish newspaper by the pro-Spanish Newcastle (England) *Chronicle:*

Hybrid people, ephemeral folk.
Vile mixture of the dirty slag
Spewed by the ancient Continent.
Spurious race, without honor or history.

Stinking den—
Where all that is ignoble and ill-begotten
Finds its centre and natural sphere.
Filthy, beastlike, fetid nest,
Refuge of loathsome reptiles.

No incident of the present stirring times is of more universal interest than the drawing together of Great Britain and the United States. In New York one sees the American flag everywhere, the lone star of Cuba frequently, and in many instances hung out in company with both of them the flag of Great Britain. In a letter from a friend of the WEEKLY it is mentioned as an instance of the way in which the British and the American are getting mixed that Lord Sandhurst, who has held high commands in India and dealt with great efficiency with the plague in Bombay, "is a descendant of General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, who fought the British stoutly in two wars."

LIEUT. JOHN B. BERNADOU, U.S.N.,
Commanding Torpedo-boat "Winslow." Wounded in Action in Cardenas Harbor, May 11.

Fifty-two days from London to New York seems a preposterously long voyage. Yet the *Windward* reached New York on May 11 after being that long on the way, and Captain Reid had no particular excuses to make except that she came under sail, took a roundabout course, and had had three weeks of bad weather. The vessel, it will be remembered, is the one given to Lieutenant Peary by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the London *Daily Mail*, for use in arctic exploration. Her friends grew very anxious over the long delay in her arrival, but when she did reach port she was in good order, and had had no accidents.

Every one knows that the Seventh Regiment of New York is an exceedingly well-drilled and efficient organization, which is very proud of itself as a regiment, and with good reason. Its members recently voted almost unanimously not to volunteer as individuals for two years' service. This action surprised the public so much, and disturbed so many of the Seventh's own friends, that it is worth while to note the considerations which prompted it. *Esprit de corps* is a merit in a military body, and a regiment which has it in a high degree is the better for it. The Seventh has it in a very high degree. It is very proud of the Seventh, and very devoted to its interests. It owns its armory, and, besides being a regiment, it is to a certain extent a club, the members of which value their membership. The proposition that the men of the Seventh should volunteer as individuals seemed to them to involve the destruction of an organization which it had taken years to perfect, and which is undoubtedly of great value to the State and city of New York. There is a young man mentioned in Scripture who when a call came to him went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. The Seventh was a little in that young man's predicament when the Governor called for volunteers. It did not want to abandon its armory and the control of its organization, and it did not want to risk losing its identity. It considered that individual enlistment in Uncle Sam's service would mean the annihilation of the Seventh Regiment. That opinion may not have been well founded, but it was the opinion the regiment acted upon. It not only did not want to be annihilated as a regiment, but it believed it was too valuable an organization to be broken up. It felt a good deal as a man might feel if he had been told, "Come and enlist, but you may have to change your name, and possibly become a member of a new family." So the Seventh decided that though it would go anywhere, under orders of the Governor or President, as the Seventh Regiment, its members should not enlist as individual volunteers.

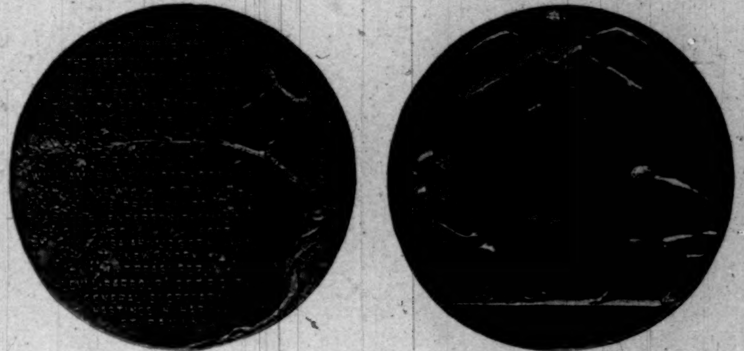
There is a possibility at this writing that it will still be ordered out as a regiment and assigned to some duty somewhere, and if that happens it will rejoice its friends and relieve the feelings of its own members. Its case is hard and unlucky, because its strong points as a military organization have, under existing circumstances, proved obstacles to its usefulness and a detriment to its credit.

When all has been said, the conclusion seems inevitable that it is less available than most other militia regiments for service such as the government needs troops for now. What is wanted is regiments that can be used according to the needs of the service; that can be broken up if necessary, officered if necessary by officers appointed from Washington, and that are made up of individual volunteers who are personally ready to serve as long as they are needed, and who can be spared from home without exceptional distress. No regiment of the National Guard could afford to go to the war as a whole—the Seventh perhaps the least of all. The right thing to do seems to have been what was done, or at least attempted—to take from each regiment called upon the men who were really available, keep the rest at home, and fill the vacancies with new men. If this process was not acceptable to the Seventh, so much the worse for the Seventh, even though the reasons why it was not acceptable have weight and are entitled to sympathy. But, whether the Seventh gets into the fight or not, it must not be forgotten that it is a very valuable regiment for emergency uses near home, and that it has proved exceedingly useful as a military school. No other regiment has furnished so many officers to the National Guard.

The twenty-fifth National Conference of Charities and Correction is in session in New York, and matters of the liveliest sociological interest are being discussed at its meetings by qualified authorities. The conference opened on May 18 by a meeting at Carnegie Hall, at which Mr. Joseph Choate presided, and addresses were made by Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Potter. The general sessions of the conference and its section and committee meetings are being held daily at the Young Men's Christian Association building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. On Sunday night there is to be a conference service at Grace Church.

The existence and activity of this conference is a notable incident of our efforts to attain a truer civilization. It grew out of meetings called informally for consultation by boards of charities of a few Western cities. These meetings proved so profitable that a national conference of charities was called to meet in New York with the American Social Science Association in 1874. Nineteen persons responded to this call, and the conference was organized, and has met annually ever since. The membership has grown from 330 in 1893 to 1180 in 1897, and includes officers and trustees of charitable and correctional institutions, officers and members of charitable societies and social settlements, professors of colleges, clergymen, and persons interested in sociology and philanthropy. There is a membership fee of $2 50 (payable to the General Secretary, Mr. H. H. Hart, 115 Monroe Street, Chicago), which entitles the member to receive the annual publications of the society. The president of the conference is Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart, of New York, and its executive committee of twenty-three members includes F. B. Sanborn of Concord (Massachusetts), William P. Letchworth of Buffalo, Philip C. Garrett of Philadelphia, Robert Treat Paine of Boston, Mrs. Charles R. Lowell of New York, and other well-known people from twenty-one different cities.

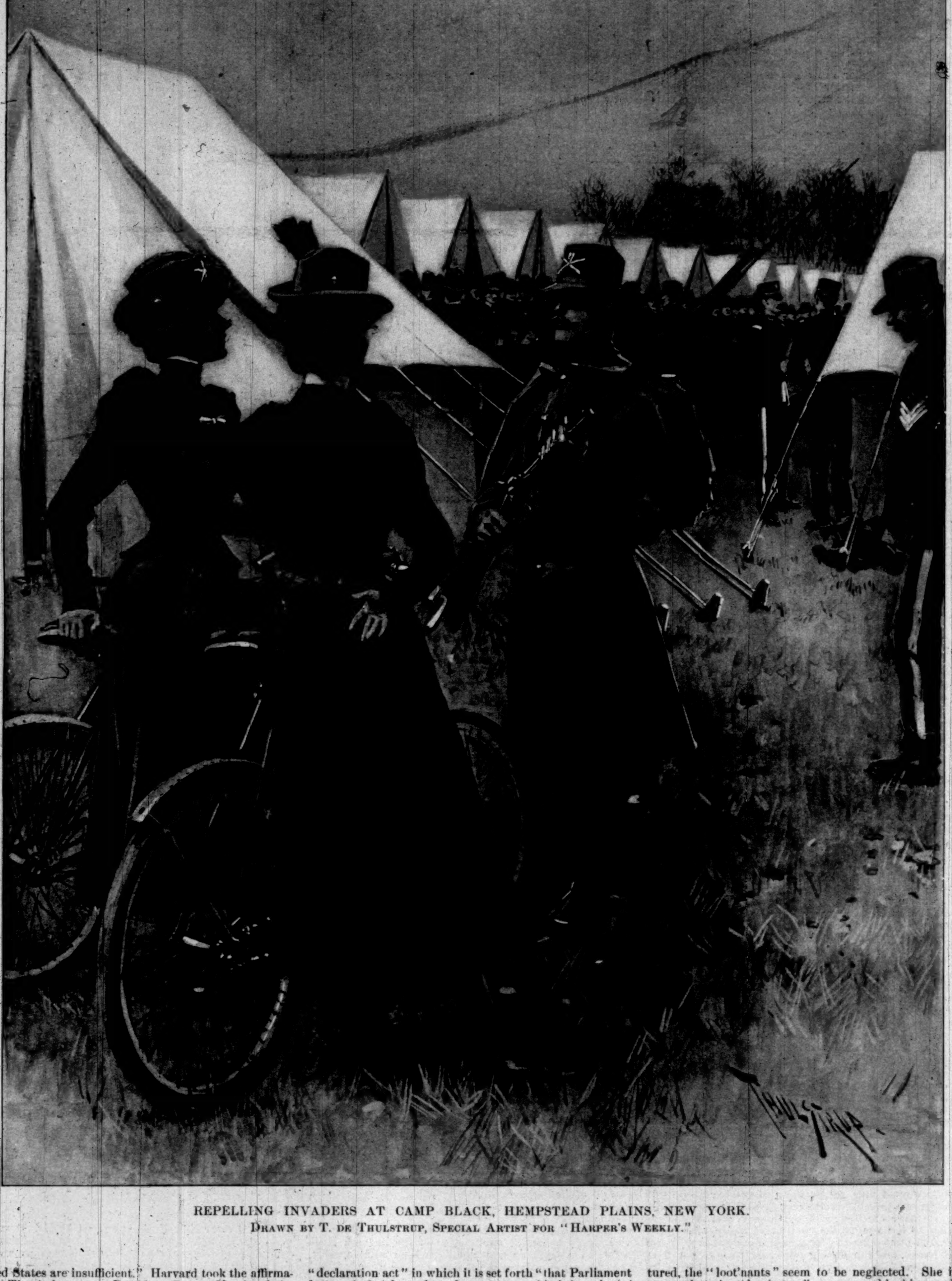
The arrangements for the present conference in New York have been made by a committee of one hundred citizens of Greater New York, appointed by Mr. Stewart, of which Mr. Joseph Choate is chairman. At the sessions and committee meetings of the conference discussions are held and papers read on such subjects as the Abuse of Medical Charities, Immigration and Inter-State Migration, Insanity, Organization of Charity, Politics in Charitable and Penal Institutions, Duty of the State to Dependent Children, and the like. A feature of the evening session on Friday, May 20, is an address by Mr. Carl Schurz. New York is represented in the conference by ninety-eight members, and there is warrant for the hope that a due proportion of the increase of knowledge which the conference begets will inure to the benefit of the city in which it has met.



REVERSE. OBVERSE.

COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL, NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.—DESIGNED BY VICTOR D. BRENNER.

On the evening of May 11 three Harvard debaters—Messrs. Rosenthal of New York, Parke of Lynn, and White of Boston—bested three Princeton debaters, Messrs. Reeves, Ripps, and Lowrie, in discussion of the question, "*Resolved*, That the present immigration restrictions of the



REPELLING INVADERS AT CAMP BLACK, HEMPSTEAD PLAINS, NEW YORK.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

United States are insufficient." Harvard took the affirmative. The judges were President George Harris, of the Andover Theological Seminary; President Capen, of Tufts College; and Mr. Walter Page, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. No doubt the subject for debate was chosen before the war began. It is inconceivable that debaters not under the constraint of a long-standing agreement should fail to discuss the problem of the Philippines or the final disposition of Cuba.

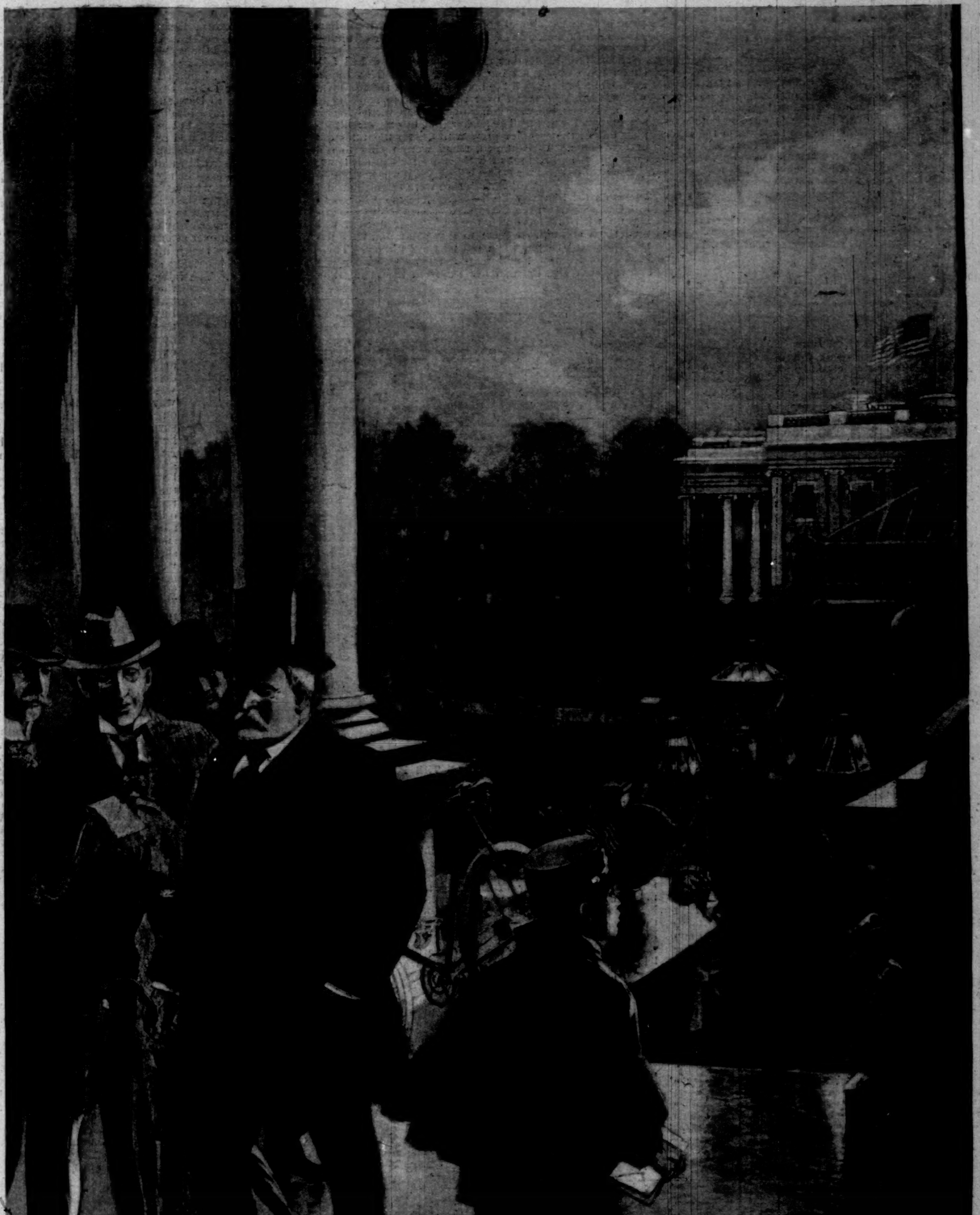
A friend of the WEEKLY, Mr. A. G. Hall, of Nashville, has been at pains to trace back the expression "are, and of right ought to be," which occurs in the Declaration of Independence and in the Mechlenburg Declaration, and was used the other day in the resolutions of Congress about Cuba. He finds that on March 16, 1766, the English Parliament repealed the Stamp Act and passed a "declaration act" in which it is set forth "that Parliament *had, and of right ought to have*, power to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever."

A letter from a member of the family of Mr. Gladstone, written about May 10, says that he had not been out of his room for a fortnight, and that the hope that he would enjoy the coming of the spring has not been realized. "The truth is," says the writer, "he has taken leave of all portions of the earth. He is possessed with a sense of departure. His body, mind, and soul ask for no food of any kind. His one desire is for peace."

"A lady interested in the navy," who admires some pictures lately published in the WEEKLY of the officers of the North Atlantic fleet, remarks that while the captains, commanders, and lieutenant-commanders are often pictured, the "loot'nants" seem to be neglected. She intimates that the "loot'nants" are as good-looking and as dutiful as the other officers, and asks that the pictures of all of them may be given to the world. Perhaps it will be possible to fill this lady's attractive order when the brigadier-generals, whose portraits just now fill and rejoice the WEEKLY's presses, have been put on record.

Thomas Bram, mate of the bark *Herbert Fuller*, who was lately found guilty in Boston of murdering Captain Nash, has had two trials and wants another. His first trial cost the government $12,000; the second one between $25,000 and $30,000. His present sentence is imprisonment for life, and in asking to be tried again he runs the risk of being hanged. The Cuban question is not the only expensive and difficult case Uncle Sam has on hand.

E. S. MARTIN.



WASHINGTON—BUSY TIMES AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT—SECRETARY LONG RUNNING THE GANTLET OF THE REPORTERS.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.*

[LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

DAWSON, *February, 1898.*

WHEN one is immersed in affairs that tax the resources of both body and mind, the past drops out of view, and we live in a very real present. So here, among the gloom of sub-arctic winter, chopping wood half the time to keep warm the other half, cabin-building at a temperature of forty below, undertaking, day after day, with fearful monotony, the irksome task of preparing one's own meals, it requires a distinct effort of the mind—a wrench, in fact—to recall the events of only a few months ago, and to gather up the broken-off threads of the story of happenings that may not have had their parallel in history.

I see an endless train of human beings struggling to the limit of endurance, through mud and in rain and snow, some bearing burdens, others returning empty, all as if under some hypnotic spell. The snow creeps day by day down the sides of the tall hills, still they go, their faces to the north, hurrying on to meet an arctic winter. Was ever the like seen before?

Sheep Camp, thirteen miles from Dyea, was the last place along the Chilkoot Trail where word could be had from warmth and covering. A town of tents had sprung up, scattered, to the number of several score, among spruces and along the bowlder-lined shores of the Dyea River, here a swift-running stream a rod or two across and scarcely fordable. It is a convenient stage before sending the goods over the pass, which is four miles distant. The Indians packing to Lindeman camp here the first day out. The pack-trains of ten horses each were running the round trip from Dyea, each train being in charge of two men riding spare horses. Some hundreds of other horses were being packed, and a much larger number of men. The rate of packing to this point was fourteen cents a pound. Horses had to be fed here as elsewhere, and this rate, though not large on such merchandise as parcels of cigars, made oats sixteen dollars a sack, and hay not less than three hundred and twenty-five dollars a ton.

The population of Sheep Camp may be classified as follows: those who had packed their own stuff thus far and were wavering, discouraged by the bad weather; those moving their goods right through with horses or on their backs; professional gamblers, and a great swarm of men packing over the summit. These last were mostly hangers-on from Juneau; several were deserters from the revenue-cutters, while others were men who were bound for Dawson, who had the wit or presence of mind, that few others seemed to show, to recognize a gold-mine when it came before their eyes, even if it was not a Klondike one. They were making great money. The rate over the summit to Crater Lake was 12 cents a pound; through to Lindeman, 30 cents per pound. Many of them took one pack from here over, and then made one or more short packs over the summit. In this way some of them made as high as twenty-six dollars a day. It was the hardest kind of work, though, and after a few weeks the feet and ankles got so used up that the men had to give up and go home. It was not always with full pockets that these went back, for the crap men and the faro men about a mining-camp seem special creations for the purpose of relieving certain sorts of men from the temptation to spend their hard-earned money in worse ways.

During the first week in September it was a continual downpour. It seemed a hopeless task ever to get goods dry across the pass. Horses had almost no value—just the price of the packing and no more. But it cost ten dollars for a set of shoes. Everything was the color of mud—men, horses, and goods.

The 12th of September three inches of snow had fallen on the summit, six inches being reported at Lindeman. The Indians said the lakes would not freeze for six weeks. Donkeys taken over the pass were starving to death. Horses, too, were going over. There was no longer any grazing for them. The packers, one by one, were dropping out as the weather grew worse. So the rates did not go down. Discouraged, many were trying to sell their outfits, and had set up little stores inside their tents.

The cruelty to horses is past belief; yet it was nothing to the Skaguay Trail, we hear. There were three thousand horses on the Skaguay Trail—there were more horses to kill, that's about all the difference. Sheep Camp was filling up with broken-down brutes. Their owners had used them and abused them to this point, and were too tender-hearted to put them out of their misery. Their backs raw from wet and wrinkled blankets under the saddles, their legs cut and bruised from the rocks, they were as thin as snakes, and starving to death. A Colorado man said to me, "Of all the cruelty to horses—and I've seen a good deal—the worst is on the trail; they are killing them with sticks." They were hobbling about among the tents, tumbling over guy-ropes, breaking into caches, making great nuisances of themselves. No one would take the responsibility of shooting them. Some one might come along and demand fifty dollars for the dead horse perhaps. That settled it. So we drove a batch of them out of town, where the poor creatures might find a little feed.

A wretched thin white cayuse came to my tent. He had been driven from four miles above, where his owner deserted him. It was raining a cold rain. He put his head and as much more as he could inside the tent, trying to get next the stove. He staid there all night and was around all next day, and he had nothing to eat. I am certain he never felt the 44-calibre bullet back of his ear that evening. Thereupon a general killing-off began, until carcasses were lying on all sides.

On the 14th a dozen packers took my outfit across the pass to Crater Lake. They would not touch the boat lumber. Flour is a packer's first choice, lumber last.

One by one my "partners" for each few miles of travel had fallen by the way-side. It became necessary again to secure a reliable man. I had several offers, even to pay for passage down river, but I was fortunate in chancing on a young man from Stockton, California, named Al. Brown. Brown had started from Dawson with the Leadville outfit, and been dumped at Sheep Camp by the collapse of the undertaking. He had a good outfit of clothes, no grub, and was determined to reach Dawson without delay, though I told him I should advise no one to do a thing I should not do myself. He agreed to help me on down to Dawson, and I agreed to pack his goods over and to take him down river with me. Brown had had no experience in the precise kind of life he was entering upon, but he was an expert oarsman, holding at the time the amateur championship of the Pacific coast. In the face of hardship and positive danger he was a stoic, with a confidence in my knowing what I was about that was flattering, without being justified. We started over the summit after the outfit, each with packs of stuff that we could not trust to packers, leaving the boat-lumber in charge of a trustworthy man, who for thirty dollars promised to send it over after us without delay.

From Sheep Camp up the valley is a huge gorge, the mountain-sides rising steep, hard, and bold to a prodigious height. The valley here begins to rise rapidly, and the trail is very bad. A mile above Sheep Camp, on the left hand, a huge glacier lies on the side of the mountain, jutting so far over and downwards that every moment one expects a great chunk to drop off and tumble into the river. But it does not, and only a small stream of water from its melting forces its way to the bottom. A mile farther on was Stone House. A large square rock, crudely resembling a house, stood on the river's brink. At the base of the mountain is a great mass of slide, some of the bowlders being nearly as large as the one by the river. Some of these rocks have piled on top of one another so as to form caves of some size, perfect protection from rain or snow. The Indians use them for shelter. These also are called the "Stone Houses." Some one else may have the privilege of deciding which is the real "Stone House." The valley here makes a sudden turn to the right, and the trail begins to grow steep. The Dyea has forked at this point, the left-hand branch coming down the side of the mountain through a narrow gorge or canyon, evidently from some glacier on top of the mountain. The head of the valley here is of great water-and-ice-worn bowlders. The trail climbs from one to another of these. There is no vegetation, save a few alders here and there, and these cease just above Stone House.

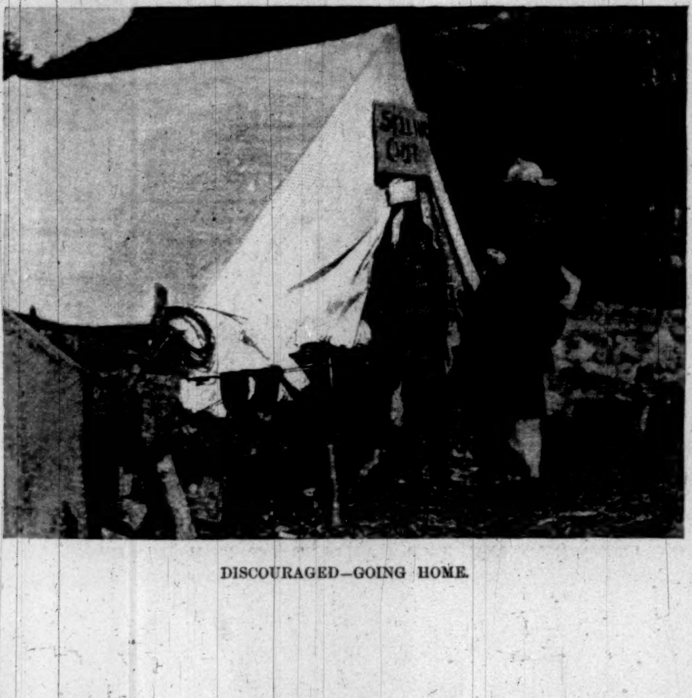
A ROUGH RESTING-PLACE—STONE HOUSE, AT THE FOOT OF CHILKOOT PASS.

The trail enters a *cul-de-sac*. It climbs higher and higher. The valley seems to end; a precipitous wall of gray rock, reaching into the sky, seems to head off further progress, seaming its jagged contour against the sky—a great barrier, uncompromising, forbidding—the Chilkoot Pass.

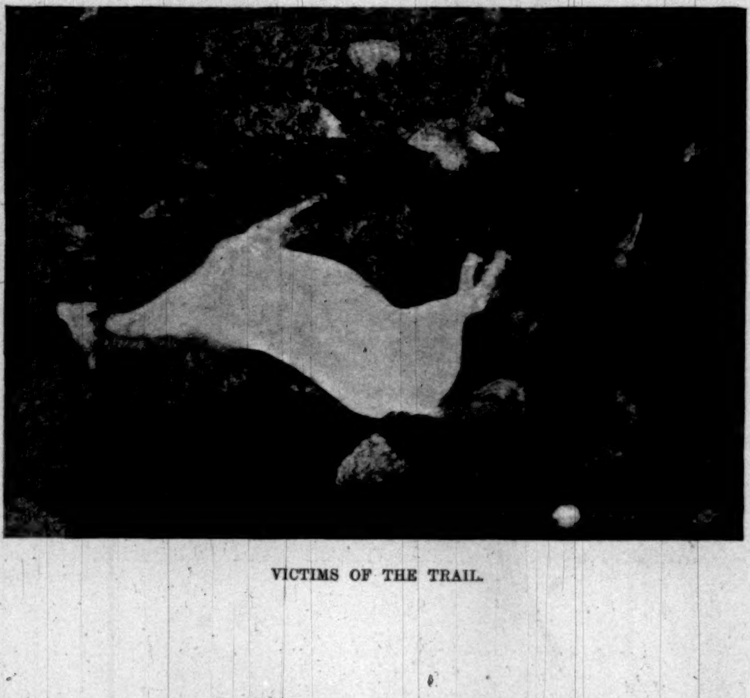
Horses and men with packs were ahead of and behind us. The sun had broken clear, and shone down on a strange scene. In a pocket under the cliff were some score of tents and huge piles of baggage. The tents were held down to the earth by rocks on the guy-ropes. Men were busily at work making up the goods into packs, in loading pack-horses. Adding to the animation, the rocks were covered with bright blankets spread out to dry after the rainy spell. The men take the packs, and this is what happens: They walk to the base of the cliff, with a stout alpenstock in hand. They start to climb a narrow foot-trail that goes up, up, up. The rock and earth are gray. The packers and packs have disappeared. There is nothing but the gray wall of rock and earth. But stop! Look more closely. The eye catches movement. The mountain is alive. There is a continuous moving train; they are perceptible only by their movement, just as ants are. The moving train is zigzagging across the towering face of the precipice, up, up, into the sky, even at the very top. See! they are going against the sky! They are human beings, but never did men look so small.

Other men are coming back empty, dropping back to earth. The Scales, as the front of the summit is called, is

* This letter from Mr. Adney takes up the story of his trip at the point where he left off when communication with the outside world was cut off last fall. It consequently antedates by several months the letter printed last week, which, although mailed later, arrived several days in advance of this, and of the letter to be published next week.
EDITOR.



DISCOURAGED—GOING HOME.



VICTIMS OF THE TRAIL.

BOAT-BUILDING, LAKE LINDEMAN—FINISHING-TOUCHES.

A SAW-PIT, LAKE LINDEMAN.

one of the most wretched spots on the trail; there is no wood nearer than two miles, and that is poor. The wind blows cold, and everybody and everything is saturated with wet from the recent rainy spell. The Scales gets its

PACKING BOAT TIMBERS OVER THE SUMMIT.

name from being in winter a weighing-place for goods hoisted or packed over.

We started with our packs up the side of the mountain. Chilkoot deceives one in this: it seems to tower directly over one's head, whereas the actual average slope is about forty-five degrees. The surface is not steep; it consists rather of a series of benches with alternate slide rock. The trail thus winds from bench to bench, so that the distance passed over is considerably greater than the direct distance. The slope of the trail is not great, and the labor of climbing so little that when we paused to take breath and look back we found we were half-way up. There are a number of different trails up the side, all reaching the crest at about the same place. In several places, however, the trail is very steep; one must climb on hands and knees from bowlder to bowlder—much, I fancy, as one would go up the pyramids. We overtook horses going up, and an immense ox. We were astonished to see how so apparently clumsy a creature got up the steep places. There is one very dangerous place on the horse trail; there it is necessary to put a rope to the pack-animal, two or three men go ahead, and when the horse starts up they pull hard on the rope; otherwise he would go over backwards, as one or two horses did. Once on top, the trail crosses the broken yet comparatively level summit, over one or two dirty glaciers, and then downward three or four hundred feet of easy pitch, to the head of a steep glacier, where all at once, if the weather is clear, there breaks into full view Crater Lake, a body of pure green water, of irregular outline, a mile or more in length, lying in a great rough craterlike basin of rock. At the top of the glacier some were sledding the goods down on tarpaulings. The front of the glacier terminates in a pile of bowlders as big as wash-tubs, and these extend at a steep angle to the edge of the water. There were caches of goods piled on the bowlders. Some persons had tried to set up tents in this forbidding place. I did not look inside of any to see how they arranged a place flat enough and smooth enough to sleep upon, but infer that sleep was accomplished even under such adverse conditions, as they belonged to the boatmen, of whom there were three, ferrying goods across to the foot of the lake at a cent a pound. Forty dollars a day was paid for the use of one row-boat, but the men were making more than that. They earned their money, having to live in such a place, and no wood within miles. One of the ferrymen told me he had been there two weeks, and that each morning he had wrung the water out of his clothes before putting them on. We were fortunate in getting our goods taken over that day, while we went around by the trail. We followed the water from Crater Lake, a stream of some size, about four miles, until we came to the head of a lake, where we found wood, and where there was a little grazing for horses. The wood consisted of spruce, scrubby and sprawling, some of the trunks being a foot thick, but the trees themselves growing not over ten or twelve feet in height. There were about fifty tents at the lake, which is called Long Lake, and is two miles long. There we were storm-bound and by such a storm as I never saw before. It blew until it seemed as if the tent would be taken bodily and pitched into the lake. Goods had to be piled endways to the wind, which was down the valley from the summit, or else be blown over. We waited several days for the boat to come over the summit, but it never came.

Then we started back to Sheep Camp. On the way back we heard that Sheep Camp had been washed entirely away, and that many persons had lost their lives. We hurried on to the Stone House. Here we got the first reliable account. The square stone had disappeared and was lying in the river-bed. Several parties were camped there. The first thing they heard was a roar, and looking across the narrow valley, saw a stream of bowlders and water coming off the mountain-top, the bowlders leaping far out in air as they tumbled down. It was an immense torrent, and it poured into the Dyea River. A young man had just gone to the river for water, and he was overwhelmed and drowned. The flood undermined Stone House, flooded the tents, carrying away several outfits, and sped toward Sheep Camp, bearing trees and wood with it. Sheep Camp was a spectacle. The tents were all there, save those on the river-bank. The big saloon tents, which bore the very brunt, were wiped out of existence, and the main street, a trail which had had black mud shoe-top deep, was as clear and solid as sand could make it. The catastrophe occurred the day before, the 18th, at seven o'clock in the morning, before many were up. Numerous outfits were either buried or carried away by the flood. People were digging their outfits out of the sand, or else wringing garments, or hanging them out to dry on the bushes.

This disaster, though not so bad as first believed, had the effect of deciding many who were hanging in the balance. It gave them a good excuse to go back, whether they lost their outfits or not. From this time on only the strong-hearted continued on their way. I expected my boat to be gone, but it had been removed, fortunately, to a safe place. We found men to take it over, and it went back with us over the pass. It was snowing when we went over the second time, and there was much snow on top, making the ascent both difficult and dangerous. It was accomplished without accident. It was still stormy at Long Lake. Tents were blowing down, and hanging like the stay-sail of a schooner going about in a three-reef breeze. Wondering if this was a permanent condition of the weather, we ran down to Lindeman and took fresh hope. The drop of 800 feet in elevation put one into a new and smiling country. There were a hundred and twenty tents at the lake, half that number of boats in process of building, half a dozen saw-pits at work, and a general air of hustle-bustle. In the words of the geography, "Ship-building is the principal industry" of Lindeman.

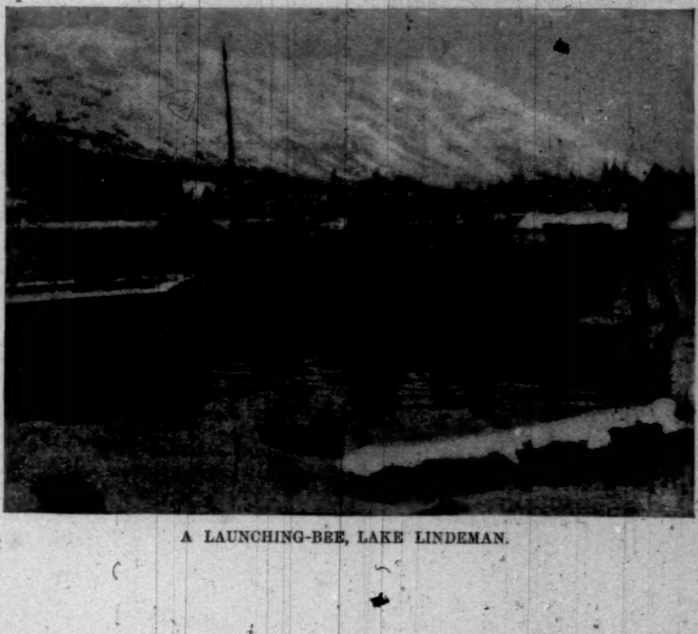
The ferryman at Long Lake would not go out in the storm, so we paid him full price, one cent per pound, loaded our goods aboard, rigged a small square sail in the bow, and scudded to the other end. Here was a portage of a few hundred yards to Deep Lake, a mile long, where another ferryman took us to the Fort, where we camped.

The river here drops into a narrow canyon at tremendous speed, and in the distance of two or three miles drops the surprising distance of 800 feet. The trail strikes over the spur of the hill and down to the lake near its head. Lindeman is a beautiful lake, four and a half miles long, and narrow, with a towering mountain on the opposite side. At its head, on the left hand, a river enters, and there is timber up this river for the boats. The region is nearly devoid of trees; vegetation is plentiful, but it consists of willows and the small dwarf cornus, which at this season, with its purple-red leaves covering the whole ground, gave a rich look to the landscape. We pitched tent by a lovely spot on which we were to build our boat. We packed our goods over from Deep Lake, and when the lumber arrived we built horses and set to work constructing the bateau.

Every one was in a rush to get away. Six to ten boats were leaving daily. These were large boats, with a load of five to ten men each. The boats were of several kinds. A fleet of seven large bateaux got off as we arrived, but the favorite and typical boat was a great flat-bottomed skiff, holding two or three tons—the length over all, twenty-two to twenty-five feet; beam, six or seven feet; sides somewhat flare; the stern wide and square; drawing two feet of water when loaded, with six to ten inches freeboard; rigged for four oars, with steering-oar behind. Some of this type were thirty-five feet in length. There were several huge scows. Well forward a stout mast was stepped, upon which was rigged, sometimes a sprit-sail, but usually a large square sail.

A party usually sent two men ahead to build the boats. They went either five miles up the river at the head and rafted the logs down, or else two miles back, where they constructed saw-pits, sawed the lumber, and carried it on their shoulders. A saw-pit is an elevated platform, ten or twelve feet high. On this the log to be sawn is laid, and a man stands above with the whip-saw, while another works the lower end, and in this way they saw the logs into boards. The lumber is small; it is unusual to get boards more than nine or ten inches in width. It is poor quality of spruce, soft and "punky," and easily broken. There is some pine. The boards are an inch thick, and planed on the edges. When the boat is built the seams are calked with oakum and pitched. The green lumber shrinks before it gets into the water, and the boats as a rule are leaky, but the goods are held upon slabs nailed on the bottom cross-ribs.

TAPPAN ADNEY.



A LAUNCHING-BEE, LAKE LINDEMAN.

WITH THE REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA—9TH U. S. CA

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH

S. CAVALRY (COLORED) SKIRMISHING THROUGH THE PINES.

WITH THE ARMY AT TAMPA FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

THE Bed of Justice was set at eight of the morning. For they were ever early astir in the city of Thorn, though, like most early risers, they did little enough afterwards.

With a sadly beating heart, I accompanied Dessauer in the same guise as on the previous day. The crowd was even greater in the Hall of Judgment. And when the Duke had taken his seat and his tools set themselves down on either side, they brought in the Little Playmate.

She was dressed all in white, clean and spotless in spite of prison usage. She glanced just once about her, right and left, high and low, as if seeking for a face she could not see, and then she looked down on the ground.

The argument as to torture had been concluded on the day before, and it had been held inadmissible—not because of any kindly thought for the prisoner, but because, according to the laws of the Wolfmark, in the absence of the Hereditary Executioner there was no one capable of inflicting it.

Then came the evidence.

The first witness against the Little Playmate was old Hanne. She was brought in by a cowled monk of dark and sinister appearance—in fact, as my heart leaped to observe, I saw she was accompanied by Friar Laurence—he who had taught me my learning in the old days, and who even then had watched the Little Playmate with no friendly eyes.

I saw the deadly fear mount to agony on the face of old Hanne. The look in her eyes of physical pain suffered and overpassed was the same which I have often seen in the wars after the surgeon has done his horrid work. That same look I saw now on the face of Hanne. So I knew that somewhere in the dark recesses under the Hall of Judgment the extreme question had been put to her, and, to all appearance, answered according to the liking of the persecutors, though they dared not torture so notable a public prisoner as Helene.

I saw a look of satisfied vindictiveness pass over the brutal features of Duke Otho. He changed his position and whispered to his colleagues.

It was Master Gerard von Sturm who rose to put the questions to the witness. And as he did so, I heard the steady sough of talk among the people rise mutteringly in a low growl of hate. The Duke's lictors struck right and left among the crowd, as men bent forward with fierce hate in their voices, as if to clear their lungs of a weight of contempt.

It was not thus in the old days, when there was no people's arbiter in all the Wolfmark so famous or so popular as Master Gerard of the Weiss Thor.

"What is the reason of that turmoil?" said I to my neighbor.

"He it is who was her first accuser. Why, he dares not go outside his house without a guard of the Duke's riders," said the man, picking at his finger with his teeth as if it were a bone and he did not think much of its savoriness.

"You have already confessed," said the advocate to old Hanne, when they had propped up the poor wreck of skin and bone, "and you do now confess, that this maid and yourself had ofttimes converse with the Enemy of Souls?"

A spasm passed across the face of the witness, and a low sound proceeded from her mouth, which might have been an affirmative answer, but which sounded to me much more like a moan of pain.

"And you confess that she consulted you concerning the best means of killing the Duke Casimir—by means of a draught to be administered to him when he should, as was his custom, visit his Hereditary Justicer?"

"There was indeed a draught spoken of between us, noble sir," stammered the old woman, "but it was not for the Duke Casimir, nor yet for—any evil purpose."

I saw the Friar Laurence incline his head a little forward and whisper in Hanne's ear from his place behind her.

At the words she clasped her hands and fell on the floor, grovelling: "I will say aught that you bid me. I cannot bear it again. I cannot go back to that place. I am too old to be tormented. I will bear what testimony you desire."

"We wish only that you should tell the truth, as you have already done of your own free will in your pre-examination," said Master Gerard, "the notes of which are before me. Was it not to kill the Duke Casimir that this draught was compounded?"

The old woman hesitated. Friar Laurence stooped again.

"Yes," she cried; "God forgive me—yes!"

An evil look of triumph sat on the face of Otho von Reuss. I think he felt sure of his victim now.

"That is enough," said Master Gerard; "take the old woman back to her cell."

"Oh, no, great Lord!" she cried, "not there. You promised that if I said it I was to be let go free. Kill me, but do not send me back."

The Duke moved his hand, and the old woman was led shrieking below.

Then came Friar Laurence, who testified that he had often seen old Hanne instructing the young woman who was a prisoner, in the art of drugs, the preparations of images carved in dough, and it might be also in clay—things well known in the art of witchery.

Further, he had been with the Duke Casimir at the last, and the Duke had declared that he had partaken of a draught in the house of Gottfried Gottfried, and had immediately thereafter been taken ill.

There was not much else of matter in the Friar's evidence, but the most deep and vindictive malice against the prisoner was evident in every word and gesture.

Then Master Gerard rose to address the judges. His venerable appearance was enhanced by the sternly severe look on his face. He looked an accusing angel from the pit, swart of skin and with eyes of flame. He was tall and bent of figure, with the serpent-browed head set deep between hunched shoulders like those of a vulture. He grasped his bundle of papers and rose to make his final speech.

The judges settled themselves to closer attention. The hush of listening folk broadened to the utmost limits of the great hall. At a whisper or a cough a hundred threatening faces were turned in the direction of the sound, so strained was the attention of the people, and such the fear of the eloquence of the most famous pleader in Germany. In these days, when learning has reached so great a pitch, and is so general that in a city there may be as many as a thousand people who can read and write, of course there are many eloquent men. But in those days it was not so, and Gerard von Sturm was counted the one Golden Mouth of the Wolfmark.

And this, in brief, was the matter of his speech. The manner and the persuasive grace I cannot give:

"It has at all times been a received opinion of the wise that witchcraft is a thing truly practised—by which such women as the Witch of Endor, in Holy Writ, were able to call dead men out of their deep graves grown with grass, or, as in that famous case of Demarchaus, who, having by the advice of such a woman tasted the flesh of a sacrificed child, was immediately turned into a wolf.

"Further, the testimony of Scripture is clear: 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live'; and again, as sayeth the Wise Man, 'Thou hast hated them, O God, because with enchantments they did horrible works.'

"Now, men may by conspicuous bravery guard their lives against assault by the sword of the enemy, against the spear of the invader that cometh over the wall, even against the knife of the assassin. But who shall be able to keep out witchcraft? It moveth in the motes of the mid-day sun. It comes stealing into the room on the pale beams of the moon. Witchcraft rides in the hurtling blast, and shrieks in the gust which shakes the roof and blows awry the candle in the hall.

"Enchantment can summon Azazeli, the Lord of Flesh and Blood, called in another place the Lord of the Desert, by whose spiriting of the elements the pure water of the spring, or the juice of the purple grape, may become as noxious as the brew of the serpent's poison-bag.

"Of such a sort was the ill doing of this woman. For her own hellish purposes she desired and compassed the death of the most noble Duke Casimir. There may be those who try to discover a motive for such an act. But in this they do foolishly. For to those who have studied of this matter, as I have done, it is well known that enchanters and witches ever attack those who are the greatest, the noblest, and the most envied—not hoping for any good to result to themselves, but out of pure malice and envy, being prompted by the devil that the great and noble should be destroyed out of the land. Well was it spoken then, 'Ye shall not suffer a witch to live.'

"And if any plead hereafter of her youth, of her beauty, I call you to witness that the Evil One ever makes his best implements of the fairest metal. As the aged crone, her teacher and accomplice, hath confessed, this Helene was for long a plotter of dark deeds. By the trust of Duke Casimir in her maiden's innocence, he was betrayed to death. That one so fair and evil should be turned loose on the world to begin anew her enchantments, and like a pestilence to creep into good men's houses, is a thing not to be thought of. Is she to go forth breathing death upon the faces of the young children; to sit sucking, squat like hideous toad, the blood of the new-born infant, or distilling poison drops to put into the draughts of strong men, which shall run like molten iron through their veins till they go mad?

"Hear me, judges; I bid you remember the word: 'Ye shall not suffer a witch to live.' And in the name of the great unbroken law of the Wolfmark, which I hold in my hand, I conclude by claiming the pains of death to pass upon the witch-woman who by her deed sent forth untimely the spirit of the noble Duke Casimir, Lord of the city of Thorn and Duke of the Wolfmark."

The pleader sat down, calmly as he had risen, and the judges conferred together as though they were on the point of delivering their verdict. There had been no sound of applause as Master Gerard had spoken—a hushed attention only, and then the muffled thunder of the great audience relaxing its attention, and of men turning to whispered discussion among themselves.

"Prisoner," said Duke Otho, "have you any to speak for you? Or do you desire to make any answer to the things which have been urged against you?"

Then, thrilling me to my soul, arose the voice of Helene. Clear and girlish, without hurry or fear, but with an innocence which might have touched the hardest heart, the maiden upon trial for her life said a simple word or two in her defence:

"I have no one to speak for me. I have nothing to say, save that which I have said so often, that before God, who knows all things, I am innocent of thought, word, or deed against any man, and most of all, against Duke Casimir of the Wolfsberg."

And as she spoke the multitude was stirred, and voices broke out here and there:

"No witch!" "She is innocent!" "The guilty are among the judges!" "Saint Helena!" "We will avenge her!"

And though the lictors struck furiously every way, they could not settle the tumult, and ever the mass of folk swayed more wildly to and fro. Nor do I know what might have happened but for a cry that arose in front of the throng:

"The Stranger! The Great Doctor! The Wise Man, hear him. He is going to speak for her."

CHAPTER XLIV.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

AND there, standing by the place of pleading, with his foot on the first step, I saw Dessauer, in his black doctorial gown, leaning reverently upon a long staff.

He made a courteous salutation to Duke Otho upon the high seat.

"I am a stranger, most noble Duke," he began, "and as such have no standing in this your High Court of Justice. But there is a certain courtesy extended to doctors of the law—the right of speech in great trials—in many of the lands to which I have adventured in the search of wisdom. I am encouraged by my friend, the most venerable prelate, Bishop Peter, to ask your forbearance while I say a word on behalf of the prisoner, in reply to that learned and celebrated jurisconsult, Master Gerard von Sturm, who has spoken things so apt and eloquent. This is my desire ere judgment be passed. For in a multitude of councils there is wisdom."

He was silent, and looked at the Duke and his tool, Michael Texel.

They conferred apart, and at first seemed on the point of refusing. But the folk began to sway so dangerously, and the voice of their muttering sank till it became a growl as of a caged wild beast which has broken all bars save the last, and which only waits an opportunity to put forth its strength in order to break that also.

"You are heartily welcome, most learned doctor," said Duke Otho, sullenly. "We would desire to hear you briefly concerning this matter."

"I shall assuredly be brief, my noble lord—most brief," said Dessauer. "I am a stranger, and must therefore speak by the great principles of equity which underlie all law and all evidence, rather than according to the statutes of the province over which you are the distinguished ruler.

"The crime of witchcraft is indeed a heinous one, if so be that it can be proven, not by the compelled confession of crazed and tortured crones, but by the clear light of reason. Now, there is no evidence that I have heard against this young girl which might not be urged with equal justice against every cup-bearer in the Castle of Wolfsberg.

"The Duke Casimir died indeed after having partaken of the wine. But so may a man at any time by the visitation of God, by the stroke which falleth suddenly upon the heart of man. No poison has been found on or about the girl. No evil has been alleged against her, save that which has been compelled, as all must have seen, by torture and the fear of torture, from the palsied and reluctant lips of a frantic hag."

"Hear him! Great is the stranger!" cried the folk in the hall. And the shouting of the guards commanding silence could scarce be heard for the roar of the folk. It was some time before the speech of Dessauer was again audible.

He was beginning to speak again, but Duke Otho, without rising, called out, angrily,

"Speak to the reason of the judges, and not to the passions of the mob!"

"I do indeed speak from the reason to the reason," said Dessauer. "For in this matter there is no true averment, even of witchcraft, but only of the administration of poison—which ought to be proven by the ordinary means of producing some portion of the drug, both in the possession of the criminal and from the body of the murdered man. This has not been done. There has been no evidence, save, as I have shown, such as is easily compelled or suborned. If this maid be condemned, there is no one of you with a wife, a daughter, a sweetheart, who may not have her burned or beheaded on just as little evidence—if she have a single enemy in all the city seeking for malice or lust to compass her destruction.

"Moreover, it indeed matters little for the argument that this damsel is fair to the eye—save in so far as she is more the object of desire, and that when the greed of the lustful eye is balked" (here he paused and looked fixedly at Duke Otho, who dropped his head slightly and looked between his knees), "disappointment oft in such a heart turns to deadly poison. And so that which was desired is the more bitterly hated, and revenge awakes to destroy.

"But if beauty matters little, character matters greatly. And what by common consent has been known in the city concerning this maid?

"I ask not you, Duke Otho, who have lived apart in your castle or in far lands, a stranger to the city, like myself. But I ask the people among whom, during all these past months of the plague, she has dwelt. Is she not known among them as Saint Helena?"

"Aye," cried the people, "Saint Helena indeed—our savior when there was none to help. God save Saint Helena!"

Dessauer waved his hand for silence.

"Did she not go among you from house to house, carrying not the poison-cup, but the healing draught? Was not her hand soft on the brow of the dying, comforting about the neck of the bereaved? Day and night, whose fingers reverently wrapped up the poor dead body of your beloved? Who quieted your babes in her arms, fed them, nursed them, healed them—buried them, wore herself out to a shadow for your sakes?"

"Saint Helena," they cried—"Saint Helena, the angel of the Red Tower!"

"Aye," said Dessauer, in tones like thunder; "hear their voices! There are a thousand witnesses in this house untortured, unsuborned. I tell you the guilt of innocent blood will lie on you, great Duke—on you, counsellers of evil things—if you condemn this maid. Your throne shall totter and fall, and your life's sun shall set in a sea of blood!"

He sat down, calm and fearless, as the Duke raged to Michael Texel, as I think, desiring that the fearless pleader could be seized on the instant and punished for his insolence. But as the folk shouted in the hall and the thunder of cheering came in through the open windows from the great concourse without, Michael Texel calmed his master, urging upon him that the temper of the people was for the present too dangerous. And also, doubtless, that they could compass their ends by other means.

I saw Texel despatch a messenger to the lictors who stood on either side of Helene. The body-guard of the Duke stood closer about her as the Duke Otho himself stood up to read the sentence.

I saw that the form of it had been written out upon a paper. Doubtless all had been prearranged, so that neither evidence nor eloquence could possibly have had any effect upon it:

"We, the Court of the Wolfmark, find the prisoner, Helene, called Gottfried, guilty of witchcraft, and especially of compassing and causing the death of our predecessor, the most noble Duke Casimir, and we do hereby adjudge that, on the morning of Sunday presently following, Helene Gottfried shall be executed upon the common scaffold by the axe of the executioner. Of our clemency is this sentence delivered, instead of the torture and the burning alive which it was within our power to command. This is done in consideration of the youth of the criminal, and as the first exercise of our ducal prerogative of high mercy."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

"IN A POSITION OF MUTUAL DEFIANCE"

With an angry roar the people closed in.

"Take her!" they cried. "Rescue her out of their hands!"

And there was a fierce rush, in which the outer barriers were snapped like straw. But the lictors had pulled down the trap-door on the instant, and the people surged fiercely over the spot where a moment before she had stood. Before them were the levelled pikes and burning matches of the Duke's guard.

"Have at them!" was still the cry. "Kill the wolves! Tear them to pieces!"

But the mob was undisciplined, and the steady advance of the soldiers soon cleared the hall. Nevertheless, the streets without continued angry and throbbing with rebellion. Duke Otho could scarce win scathless across the court-yard to his own apartments. Tiles from the nearest roofs were cast upon the heads of his escort. The streets were impassable with angry men shaking their fists at every courier and soldier of the Duke. Women hung sobbing out of the windows, and all the city of Thorn lamented because of the cruel condemnation of their saint of the plague, Helena, the maiden of the Red Tower.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE WHITE GATE.

I RUSHED out into the street, distract and insensate with grief and madness. I found the city seething with angry unrest—not yet openly hostile to the powers that abode in the Castle of the Wolfsberg—too long cowed and downtrodden for that—but angry with the anger which one day would break out and be pitiless.

The Black Horsemen of the Duke pricked a way with their lances here and there through the people, driving them in jets and spurts of fleeing humanity into the narrow lanes, only once more to reunite as soon as the Hussars of Death had passed. Pikemen cried, "Make way!" and the regular guard of the city paraded in strong companies.

A soldier wantonly thrust me in the back with his spear, and I sprang towards him fiercely, glad to strike home at something. A man of the crowd pulled me back.

"Be wise," he said; "not for your own sake alone, but for the sake of all these women and children. The Black Riders seek only an excuse to sweep the city from end to end with the besom of fire and blood."

Then came my master out of the Hall of Judgment, his head hanging dejectedly down. As soon as he was observed the people crowded about, shaking him by the hand, thanking him for that which he had done for their maid, their holy Saint Helena of the plague-time.

"We will not suffer her to be put to death, not even if they of the Wolfsberg raze our city to the ground!"

"Make way there," cried the Black Horsemen—"way in the name of Duke Otho!"

"Who's Duke Otho?" cried a voice. "We do not know Duke Otho."

"He is not crowned yet! Why should he take so much upon him?" shouted another.

"We are free burgesses of Thorn, and no man's bond-slaves!" said a third. Such were the shouts that hurtled through the streets, and were bandied fiercely from man to man, betraying the intensity of the hatred which existed between the ducal towers of the Wolfsberg and the city which lay beneath them.

In my boyish days I had laughed at the assemblies of the Swah—the White Wolves and Free Companions. But, perhaps, those who had thus played at revolt were wiser than I. For of a surety these associations were yielding their fruits now in a harvest of hate against the gloomy pile that has so long dominated the town, choked its liberties, and shut it off from the new, free, thriving world of the northern seaboard commonwealths to which of right it belonged.

So soon as Dessauer and I were alone in my master's room at Bishop Peter's I tried to stammer some sort of thanks, but I could do no more than hold out a hand to him. The old man clasped it.

"It was wholly useless," he said; "they had their purpose fixed and their course laid out so that there was no turning of them. All was a mockery, so clear that even the ignorant men of the streets were not deceived. Accusation, evidence, pleadings, condemnation, sentence—all were ready before the maid was taken; aye, and, I think, before Duke Casimir was dead. There is no court in the Wolfmark higher than the mockery we have seen to-day. The arms of the soldiers of Plassenburg are our only court of appeal!"

"It is two days before they can come," I answered. "I fear me all will be over before then."

"Be not so sure," said Dessauer. "There is at present no Justicer in the Mark capable of carrying out the sentence, so long as your father lies on his bed of mortal weakness."

"Duke Otho will not let that stand in his way—or I am the more deceived," said I, with a heavy heart.

At this moment there was an interruption. I heard a loud argument outside in the court-yard.

"Tell me what you want with the servant of the most learned Doctor!" cried a voice.

"That is his business and mine—not yours, rusty son of a stable-sweeper!" was the answer.

I went out immediately, and there, facing each other in a position of mutual defiance, I saw Peter of the Pigs and the decent legal domestic of Master Gerard von Sturm.

"Get out of my wind, old Muck-to-the-Eyes!" said the servitor, offensively; "you poison the good wholesome air that is needed for men's breath."

"Go back to your murderer of the saints," responded Peter of the Pigs, valiantly; "your master and you will swing in effigy to-night in every street in Thorn. Some day before long you will both swing in the body—if a hair of this angel's head be harmed."

"I must see this learned Doctor's servant!" persisted the man of law, avoiding the personal question.

"Here he is," said I; "and now what would you with him?"

"I am sent to invite you to come to the Weiss Thor immediately, on business which deeply concerns you."

"That is not enough for me," said I; "who sends for me?"

"Let me come in out of the hearing of this moon-faced idiot," said he, pointing contumeliously to Peter of the Pigs, "and I will tell you. I am not bidden to proclaim my business in the market sties and city cattle-pens!"

"You do well, Parchment Knave," cried Peter, "for it is such black business that if you proclaimed a syllable of it there, you would be torn to pieces of honest folk. Thank God, there are still some such in the world!"

"Aye, many," said the servitor, "and we all know they are to be found in the dwellings of priestlings!"

I walked with the man to the gate, for I did not care to take him to where Dessauer was sitting. I feared that it might be some ill news from the Lubber Fiend, who, though I had seen him clear of the gate, might very well have returned and told my message to Master Gerard.

"Well," said I, brusquely, for I had no love for the Sir Rusty Respectable, "out with it—who sends you?"

"It is not my master," answered the man, "but one other."

"What other?" said I.

"The one," he said, cunningly, "with whom on a former occasion you rode out at the White Gate."

Then I saw that he knew me.

"The Princess—" I began.

"Hush!" he said, touching my arm; "that is not a word to be whispered in the streets of Thorn—the Lady Ysolinde is at her father's house and would see you—on a matter of life or death—she bade me tell you."

"I will go with you," I said, instantly.

"Nay," he said, secretly, "not now, but at nine of the clock, when the city ways shall be dark, you must come—you know the road. And then you can confer together safely when Master Gerard will be safe in his study with the lamp lit."

I went back to Dessauer, who kept his head in his hand as if deeply absorbed in thought.

"The Princess is in Thorn," said I, as a startling piece of news.

"Ah, the Princess!" he muttered, abstractedly; "truly she is the Princess, but yet that will not advantage her a whit."

I saw that he was thinking of our little Helene.

"Nay," I said, taking him by the arm to secure his attention, as indeed about this time I had often to do. "I mean the Lady Ysolinde, the wife of our good Prince."

"In Thorn!" said Dessauer. "Ah, I am little surprised. Twice when I was speaking I saw a face I knew well look through a lattice on the wall at me. But being intent upon my words, I did not think of it, nor indeed recognize it till it had disappeared. Now the picture comes back to me. It was the face of the Princess Ysolinde."

"I am to see her at nine o'clock to-night in the house of the Weiss Thor."

"Do not go, I pray you!" he said; "it is certainly a trap."

"Go I must and will," I replied, "for it may be for the good of our maiden. I will risk all for that!"

"I dare say," said he, "so would I, if I saw any advantage, such as indeed I hoped for to-day. But if I be not mistaken, our Princess is deep in this plot."

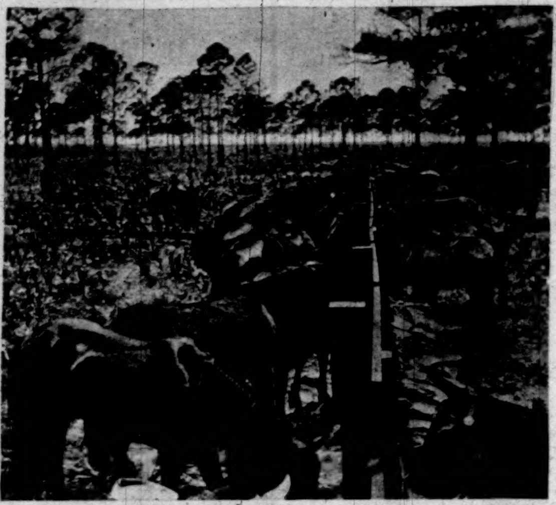
"And why?" said I. "Helene never harmed her."

"Helene is your betrothed wife, is she not?" he said. He asked as if he did not know.

"Surely!" said I.

"Well!" he replied, sententiously, and so went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HORSES AND MULES ON THE PICKET-LINE.

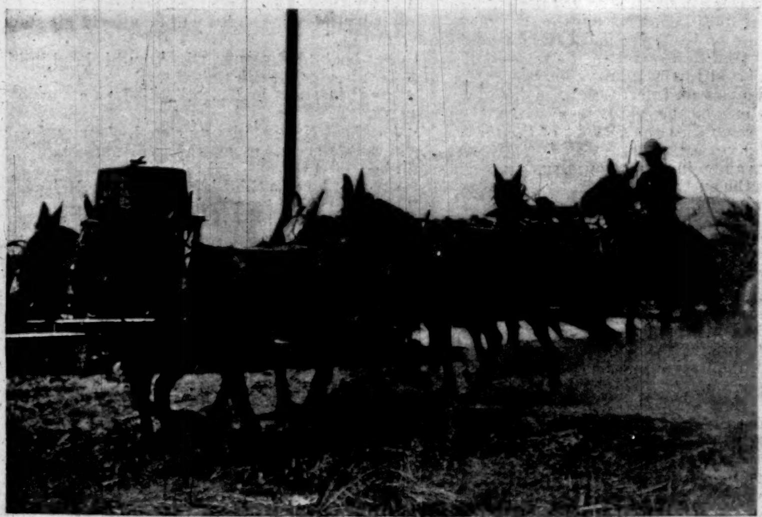
PREPARING PACK-MULES FOR A MARCH.

PACK-MULES OF THE QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.

PACKING.

MAKING A PROTEST.

9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED TROOPS) PREPARING TO LEAVE THE CORRAL.



ARRIVAL OF A TRANSPORT-WAGON.

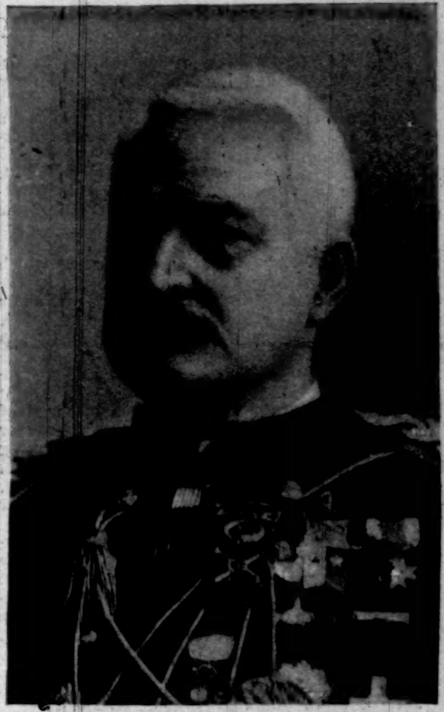
9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED) DETRAINING AT PORT TAMPA.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—WITH THE UNITED STATES TROOPS AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

VIEWS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

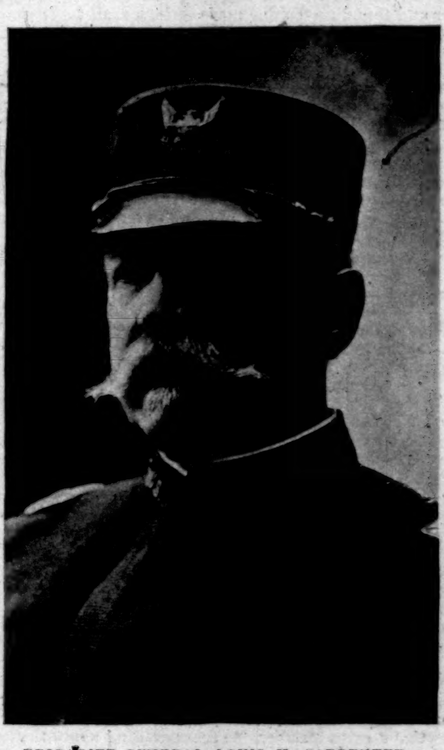
MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Late Brigadier-General and Inspector-General.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY,
Late Colonel 10th Cavalry.

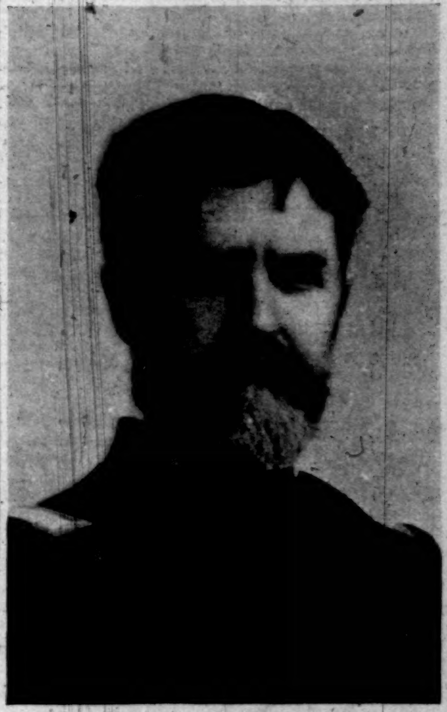


BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD B. WILLISTON,
Late Colonel 6th Artillery.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW,
Late Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOUIS H. CARPENTER,
Late Colonel 5th Cavalry.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS M. ANDERSON,
Late Colonel 14th Infantry.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROYAL T. FRANK,
Late Colonel 1st Artillery.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ABRAHAM K. ARNOLD,
Late Colonel 1st Cavalry.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL S. SUMNER,
Late Colonel 6th Cavalry.

RECENT PROMOTIONS IN THE U. S. ARMY—NEWLY APPOINTED GENERAL OFFICERS OF VOLUNTEERS.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(Continued from page 483.)

Wednesday, May 11.—The assertion is made in despatches from Madrid and London that "about forty thousand men of the reserves of the Spanish army have been ordered to rejoin the colors," and it is added that a formidable expedition is being organized to expel Rear-Admiral Dewey from the Philippine Islands.

An order was sent to Major-General Wesley Merritt, commanding the Department of the East, to go to Washington to-night. His selection as military governor of the Philippines is assured.

Thursday, May 12.—A report of an engagement which occurred yesterday at Cardenas, Cuba, was issued by the Navy Department to-day. Spanish gunboats and shore batteries opened fire on the blockading-vessels *Wilmington*, *Winslow* (torpedo-boat), and *Hudson*. The *Winslow* was disabled, Ensign Worth Bagley and four sailors were killed, and Lieutenant Bernadou and two others were wounded.

The first land fight of the war took place just west of the harbor of Port Cabañas, Cuba. The transport-steamer *Gussie*, which left Key West on Wednesday, carrying members of the First Infantry, with ten Cuban scouts, and rifles, ammunition, and supplies of food for the insurgents, made a temporary landing at the point mentioned, after a brush with Spanish troops.

A portion of the squadron under command of Rear-Admiral Sampson attacked the batteries defending San Juan, Puerto Rico. "The attack lasted about three hours, and resulted in much damage to the batteries, and incidentally to a portion of the city." Our losses—two men killed and seven wounded. No serious damage to any of our ships.

Friday, May 13.—Secretary Long received official advices that the Cape Verde squadron—falsely reported last Tuesday to have returned to Cadiz—had been sighted to the westward of Martinique, Windward Islands. Indications are that this fleet stopped at Martinique to take in a supply of coal and to communicate with the Spanish government.

The fleet under command of Commodore Schley, which is distinguished as the "Flying Squadron," put to sea this afternoon. It comprises the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, the battle-ships *Massachusetts* and *Texas*, the despatch-boat *Scorpion*, and the collier *Sterling*. The cruisers *Minneapolis* and *St. Paul* are ordered to follow this evening or to-morrow.

Saturday, May 14.—The revenue-cutter *Windom*, arriving at Key West to-day, brings news of a fight that occurred, at Cienfuegos last Wednesday. Men from the cruiser *Marblehead* and the gunboat *Nashville*, in attempting to cut the cable at Cienfuegos, on the south coast of Cuba, were attacked by Spanish infantry hidden in rifle-pits on the shore. The cables were cut under fire. One of our men was killed and seven wounded. Spanish losses are reported to have been very much more severe.

Sunday, May 15.—The sentiment of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's speech, delivered Friday night at Birmingham, England, is cordially approved in England, while it is condemned by the French newspapers, and at Madrid is construed as being the first signal for European complications arising out of the Cuban question. In the course of his speech Mr. Chamberlain declared that war, though terrible, would be "cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the stars and stripes and the union-jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

Spain's Cape Verde squadron, commanded by Admiral Cervera, is at or near the island of Curaçao. Rear-Admiral Sampson's fleet has left San Juan, and is steaming towards Cuba, along the northern coast of San Domingo. Commodore Schley, with the Flying Squadron, is hastening southward to strengthen the blockade at whatever point it may be attacked.

All the members of the Spanish cabinet have resigned.

WANTED—A WAR.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

TAMPA, *May 12, 1898.*

THERE has been no movement of troops, to speak of, during the last week; but the movement of generals is present and considerable. Obviously the administration is determined there shall be activity in some direction.

All told, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, about 7500 soldiers and officers and a fleet of nine transports are now here; the men are rationed for a month, the boats watered and coaled, and the rainy season approaches.

The last week has been one of recurring rumor or repeated disappointment. How many times "authenticated" despatches have been pasted on the hotel bulletin-board, stating positively that the invasion of Cuba was about to begin, I should not wish to say. We war correspondents here assembled care not to dwell on the immediate past, nor even on the present; hope springs eternal, but never gets beyond Port Tampa, where the transports are apparently anchored for a lifetime.

And there has been this week some legitimate and good news—the return of Captain Dorst after his successful attempt to open communication with the insurgents, and his departure again on Tuesday for Cuba on a similar though more important mission. His first trip was made on the tug *Leyden*, with a load of ammunition and four Cubans, but no soldiers. Despite several troops of Spanish cavalry, Captain Dorst succeeded in landing his Cubans and supplies, and although eventually fired upon, escaped with no damage more serious than a bullet hole in the tug's smoke-stack. In talking of his trip the captain seemed most impressed by the contempt the insurgents showed for the Spanish troops. There were about two hundred insurgents at the rendezvous, fully half of them not armed, and every last one of them literally in rags. They appeared little like soldiers or men able to withstand the fatigues of a campaign, so hungry-looking and worn were they. Yet the known presence of Spanish cavalry in the immediate vicinity seemed no occasion for alarm. They worked with unconcern at stowing away the ammunition, and when attack came, as it did before their work was completed, they retired to the bush, and by a straggling fire drove the Spaniards beyond danger. That these half-starved, half-armed patriots can successfully and repeatedly repulse the Spaniards with the greater loss to the latter bespeaks a determination and courage of an order that comes only to those fighting for liberty.

Captain Dorst's second expedition to Cuba is more extensive than his first, and he is prepared to land, and, if need be, defend against any of the Spanish scouting parties the cargo of rifles and ammunition he is carrying on the side-wheeler *Gussie* for the insurgents. The departure of the *Gussie* Tuesday noon was known to only the officers immediately concerned and a few correspondents. Those of us in the know lingered all Monday afternoon about the wharf at Port Tampa, where the boat was loading, guarded by a picket-line. There was quite a chain of freight-cars loaded with powder, provisions, and other munitions of war, and a sentinel stood guard at each car, and at the entrance to the wharf, and at the other approaches to the transport. It looked like business. It is time we stopped playing the optimistic rôle in this war. The posting of armed sentries around the buildings in which the government has its ammunition and provisions stored is gratifying, and it would be even more pleasing if we could see our camps here also guarded against the intrusion of every one and any one who cares to wander thither.

When the *Gussie* had been loaded, electric light had just superseded daylight, and the embarkation begun of the two companies of the First Infantry (about 130 men) which Captain Dorst was taking to protect the landing of ammunition. As I watched the men march up the wharf and across the gang-plank into the *Gussie*. You could not have discovered from their appearance in any way that the unusual was about to happen—despatch and quiet marked the entire proceeding, from the beginning to the first turn of the *Gussie's* side-paddles.

Meantime those of us waiting for the "big thing," viz., the move on to Cuba, are exceedingly restive under the continued inactivity here, and sorely tempted to join these filibustering expeditions. The dread of losing any of the little excitement offering can only be appreciated by a war correspondent who has been two weeks looking for war and found no trouble more serious than incompetent hotel waiters. The game of the day seems to be to find the Spanish fleet.

Meanwhile the Spanish government appears to have no difficulty whatever in keeping thoroughly posted on the movements of our fleets and army, and the query offers if the United States cannot do equally as well. It seems strange that with our fast scouts and the number of military and naval attaches on the other side we should be unable to learn definitely just where that elusive Spanish fleet is. It is to be hoped Spain will appreciate our magnanimity, otherwise there appears to be no other reward for our indifference in Cuban waters to her industry on the fortifications. Blanco is evidently making good use of the time we are giving him, planting mines in the Havana Harbor, and repairing and strengthening fortifications, all under the very eyes of our blockading squadron, which is silent—under orders, of course.

Perhaps by the time we set sail for the Cuban shore the Spaniards will be prepared to give substantial evidence of their industry, which our blockading squadron could have halted in short order with some more of those well-directed shells.

Here at Tampa correspondents continue to arrive and the tradesman to prosper. If we do not start shortly, additional transports will be required to convey the correspondents and their purchases. Some startling outfits are resulting from the delay and the growing crop of newspaper men. I saw one a few days ago buying an armory of knives that would put to shame the heaviest villain that ever trod the melodramatic stage.

Some of these adventurers will be broken-hearted, I fear, when the word to move is actually given and the list published of those who are to be permitted to accompany the troops. The Cuban volunteers are still here, camped in a large wooden building originally intended for a theatre. This week Springfield rifles have been distributed among them, but they are yet awaiting ammunition. Some of them are hardy, earnest-looking chaps; but I confess that a great number one sees parading about the town and hotel suggest theatricals. Those ragged, determined patriots whom Captain Dorst interviewed the other day must be of different timber.

There is no material change at the camps. One regiment left last week, and another has taken its place, but the troops which the bulletins say are hurrying this way have not yet put in an appearance. A few more lemonade and frankfurter stands mark the edge of the camps, and the roads are more cut up and dustier—otherwise the view is as it was. As I am writing this, a despatch is being posted that the immediate invasion of Cuba is ordered, but it is no doubt one of those attempts to raise our hopes that have all but flown.

Postscript. *May 14.*

Despite the latest despatch on the bulletin-board, declaring that the invasion of Cuba is to be postponed until Rear-Admiral Sampson shall have met the Spanish fleet, to-day has developed more activity than we have yet seen at Tampa. The Third and Sixth cavalry arrived yesterday, and last night and this morning five regiments of infantry have come in. This makes a total force now here of 8500 infantry, 2000 cavalry, and ten light batteries with 60 guns and 700 men—in all, 11,200 men.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

A DAY IN ATLANTA.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

IN the heart of the town Grady stands in bronze, no more fixedly than he lives in the hearts of the people. Across the bridge the flag waves over the birthplace of Uncle Remus, and out the other way, and on a low hill in the country, sits the home of Gordon, the Confederate General. The General was the youngest corps commander in Lee's army. He made the last charge at Appomattox; and during the truce, Sheridan said to him, grimly:

"I have received the gun that was consigned to me through General Early." Some wag in Richmond had written on a cannon that was shipped from the Confederate capital, "Consigned to General Sheridan through General Early."

"That is odd," said the General. "I have just received a battery that was consigned to me through General Sheridan."

The joke did not please Sheridan—he did not believe it—but there was the battery in plain sight. Just now the General is Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, and at reunions he rides at the head of his columns, on peaceful parade, as he once led them to the charge, sitting his horse like a youth of twenty. In the last few years he has been doing with his voice what Thomas Nelson Page began with his pen—a work that the war with Spain will about finish—and that is, making the North and South in sentiment what both have been in loyalty since the surrender—one and inseparable. The General was just back from a tour throughout the South. "I have found but one sentiment among the old Confederates," he said. "They are old; most of them are poor and with dependent families; and yet, in town or country, I have not seen a man physically able to march who was not ready to go to the front. There are no sectional or State lines now, when a common enemy is to be met."

Under the dome of the big Capitol recruits are enlisting, and pouring into Camp Northen at Griffin, forty miles away, where the militia and volunteers of Georgia are being whipped into shape. There is not room even for Georgia's white volunteers, so to give her dusky patriots a chance, two recruiting officers are here from Chickamauga to receive negro volunteers into the regular army. There is no trouble with volunteers, white or black, in Georgia. One boy of sixteen had run away from his home in Virginia to join the army. A telegram followed asking that he be sent home, but the little fellow escaped, and is now seeking enlistment at Chickamauga. One recruit tramped joyously in seventeen miles from the country, was refused enlistment, and tramped sorrowfully home. Others wept when pronounced physically unfit. One fellow attracted considerable attention by his dress. His tie was brilliant, his suit was quasi-fashionable, and his shoes were of patent-leather.

"Whoopee!" said several. "Look at him! look at him!"

"That's all right," he said, "but I'm going to give 'em all up for Uncle Sam." And the crowd cheered him.

Such enthusiasm is somewhat in contrast to the reported action of militia elsewhere.

"If I had a son who was a member of a military organization in peace," said the General, "and declined to go to war, I—I'd rather see him dead! Mark my words, no man will ever recover from a stigma like that."

Meanwhile, up from the south was coming the first consignment of prisoners from the eastern hemisphere that Uncle Sam has had the honor of entertaining since the war of 1812, and across the house-tops of Atlanta is Fort McPherson, where those guests of the nation are to smoke cigarettes and chatter Spanish until Spain takes a few American prisoners for exchange, or, which is more likely, until the war comes to an end. There were twenty of them, headed by Colonel Cortijo, a brother-in-law of Weyler; nine others being officers, and the rest enlisted men. Colonel Cortijo objected vigorously as a Spanish gentleman to being searched; only thieves and cutthroats, he said, were searched in Spain. However, he submitted, and spread out his effects with much grace and gesticulation, as did the others. When he went to bed, he said he meant to get up no more, to talk no more, and to eat no more, unless his meals were brought to him. Next morning he had concluded to talk, but would not march with the others to breakfast. Towards noon he asked the negro soldier on guard when dinner would be ready; and at two o'clock he went with the rest along the clover-scented drill-field to a long clean wooden table and a simple meal of Uncle Sam's rations in the mess hall. All the prisoners were dressed in light blue uniforms and white caps, surrounded by the big negro guards of the Twenty-fifth Infantry; they looked pigmies. Cortijo himself is low, round-shouldered, with an unpleasant face, and the "wide walk" of a cavalryman. He smoked a small cigarette in a huge holder, and with an air of cynical unconcern that was faithfully reflected by the rest of his men. After the meal the Spaniards asked for cigars and toothpicks, and were told that Uncle Sam did not furnish such luxuries. However, as nearly all of the officers had rolls of Spanish money, they will doubtless be permitted to buy such extras as may be good for them.

Naturally there was a great crowd to witness the arrival of the captured Dons, and in it were many Cuban refugees—of whom there is a settlement—of wealth and good social position in Atlanta. These Cubans love Fitzhugh Lee as they hate the Spaniards.

From the General's veranda a hand of cordial welcome is always outstretched to the passing stranger. The house fronts the line of Sherman's march to the sea, and sits on a battle-field. There were breastworks through the lawn in front, there are still breastworks through the field to the left, and there are soldiers' graves along the hill-side under the rose-garden. This garden is a favorite spot with the General's wife, who followed him through the war from the shot of the first gun to the shot of the last. She is still erect and youthful in face and figure. It is said that at Winchester, where she first saw the Confederates defeated and in retreat, that the General found her in the rear, rallying the flying soldiers. On either side she had a soldier by the arm, and was leading him back to battle. They had paid no attention to the General's orders, but they did not dare, they said, to disobey the General's wife. Under his left eye is a depression which follows the course of a bullet that came out under his right ear. This was the fifth time he was shot at Antietam in one day, and it was not until then that he would allow himself to be taken from the field.

That night there were war stories, and the General told how the Federal soldiers at Appomattox presented arms when his starved and ragged veterans filed past, and how he had hugged General Chamberlain of Maine for it when he discovered that the Maine officer was the moving spirit under this touching act of chivalry. And how, at the surrender, the Federal officers treated the Confederates with more than courtesy—with deference, indeed. And as there was nothing to talk of except the war, how the Federals spoke only of those battles in which they themselves had suffered defeat.

"And that," said the General, "is how the soldiers on each side have ever acted and felt—that is, the soldiers who did the fighting. You can usually put it down that the man on either side who exhibits bitterness in peace was not much of a soldier in war."

JOHN FOX, JR.

A CHANGE OF AMBITION.

HORATIUS at the bridge, and he
Who fought at old Thermopylæ;

Great Samson and his potent bone
By which the Philistines were slone;

Small David with his wondrous aim
That did for him of giant frame;

J. Cæsar in his Gallic scraps
That made him lord of other chaps;

Sweet William, called the Conqueror,
Who made the Briton sick of war;

King Hal the Fifth, who nobly fought
And thrashed the foe at Agincourt;

Old Bonaparte, and Washington,
And Frederick, and Wellington,

Decatur, Nelson, Fighting Joe,
And Farragut, and Grant, and, oh,

A thousand other heroes I
Have wished I were in days gone by—

Can take their laurels from my door,
For I don't want 'em any more.

The truth will out; it can't be hid;
The doughty deed that Dewey did,

In that far distant Spanish sea,
Is really good enough for me.

The grammar's bad, but, O my son,
I wish I'd did what Dewey done!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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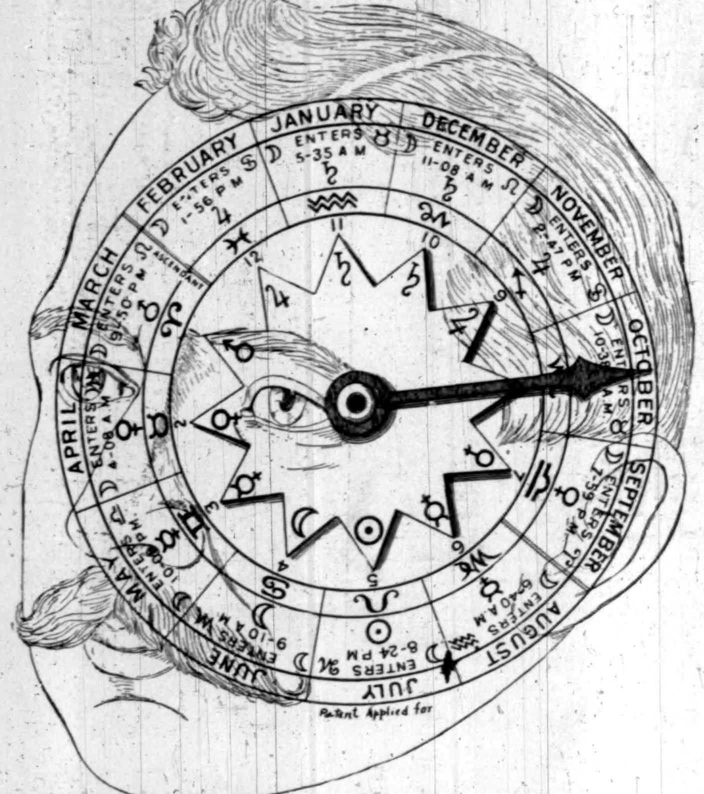

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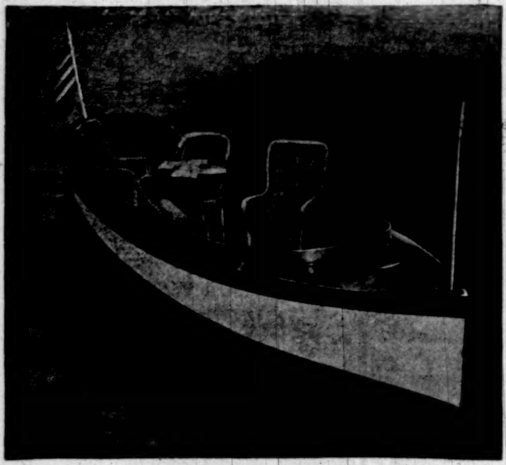

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[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.

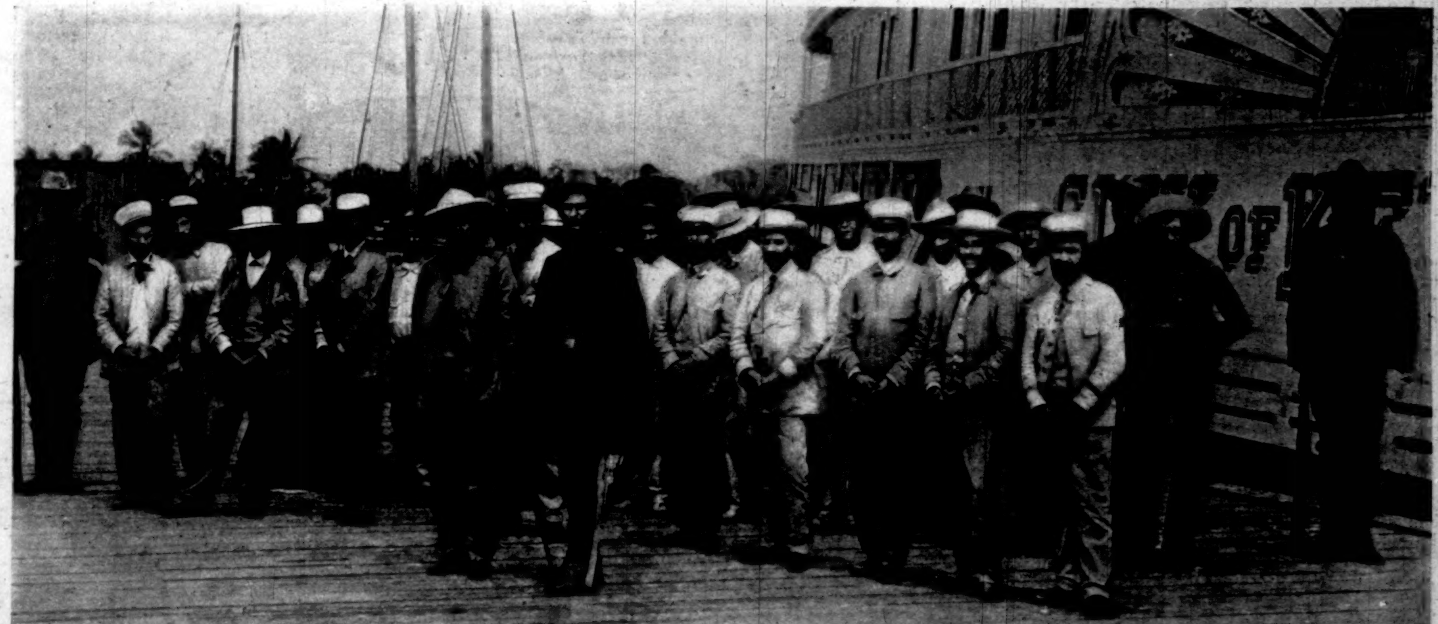
U. S. FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK," OFF HAVANA,
April, 1898.

IT seems much like the usual summer cruising this bright morning, and the scene is similar to what I have witnessed again and again when with the fleet off our own land far to the north'ard. It is not uncomfortably hot on deck. On our starboard beam the "Ever-faithful Isle" looms dimly through the haze; the blue water, flipped and flawed by a fresh breeze which drives the white clouds across the sky, tumbles merrily away to the horizon ahead, astern, and to port, and it is hard to realize, as I lean on the sill of an open window in the chart-house, looking out over the sea, that war is upon us, and that from the blue heights of the shore hostile eyes are watching us, hostile lips are cursing us, and that we ourselves are but waiting the opportunity to strike.

But the ship has changed her clothes. Dull gray from truck to water-line, where formerly spotless white and glistening bright work shot back the sun's rays, she is stripped of everything not necessary for the work for which she is designed. Davits, stanchions, and rail have disappeared; no boats hang at the sides, but are clustered canvas-wrapped, on the top of the superstructure; forward the huge anchors, dripping with the spray that showers over the bows, lie ponderously on the bill-boards, while stretching out from turret and sponson the long dark guns sleep in the sunlight, lazily awaiting the touch of the master's hand that soon is to awaken "the like to kill that is inside them."

Gradually we near in towards the land. Heights and rolling hills thickly covered with dense green masses of foliage almost to the water's edge meet the white surf breaking on shore; clusters and rows of tall graceful palms raise plumed heads; here and there the light-colored walls of a house appear, but everything seems void of human life, and apparent quiet reigns. In the distance two of our ships are lying. "It's the *Puritan* and *Cincinnati*, sir," says the quartermaster, who, glass to eye, has been peering out of the next window for some minutes. "They're pretty close in, and I think that's Matan-

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN J. COPPINGER, U.S.A., AND HIS PERSONAL STAFF, MOBILE, ALABAMA.



Officers in front Rank. Col. Vincente de Cortijo, 3d Spanish Cavalry. Lieutenant J. A. Moss, 25th U. S. Infantry, in charge of Prisoners. Enlisted Men in rear Rank.

SPANISH PRISONERS OF WAR CAPTURED APRIL 29—NOW IN CONFINEMENT AT FORT McPHERSON, GEORGIA.

zas Harbor. Those two ships are patrolling that part of the coast—so I hear." We approach rapidly; the bright colors of the signal-flags flutter out from the yard; all the ships are moving, the *Puritan's* decks all awash, the water dripping and splashing off her sides as she ploughs through the water and rises and falls to the lift of the sea. She is a powerful-looking monster, the very ideal of all that is strong and terrible, her dark and forbidding appearance relieved only by the dear bright bit of bunting flying from her mast. Slim and long, graceful in shape and motion, *Cincinnati* rides lightly on the waves; her signal-flags are flying in long streaming lines, while the smoke rolls in black volumes from her chimneys. On the land over there the hills roll back; the haze of a town appears behind a sandy point stretching before us, where, half-way between its end and the wooded banks further on, a yellowish mound marks the presence of a battery.

"Sound general quarters!" Quick and sharp comes the order from the forward bridge above me, and quick and sharp the trumpet calls the eager crew to the guns. See the bluejackets jump to their stations! their eyes blaze, their rugged faces glow with excitement, but order and discipline maintain their rule. Slowly, smoothly, without a hitch, the great turrets swing around; the guns move up and down, sway slightly this way or that, greedily seeking their point of aim. Slowly, smoothly, the ships glide into position; a moment's pause, and with a crash that shakes the decks, followed by the roar of the projectile, the eight-inch rifle on the port side sends forth its hostile messenger. Instantly its mates take up the refrain, and the thunderous song of battle swells into chorus, the rolling beat of *Cincinnati's* rapid-fire mingling with the deep booming bass of *Puritan's* monster guns. Dusky clouds of earth and sand mark where the shots have struck; there is evident consternation and confusion, perhaps surprise, on shore, for it is some moments before, with a flash and a cloud of white smoke from the battery, and the whir of his shell through the air above us, the enemy answers our challenge.

For several minutes the fire continues, steadily maintained by one ship or the other, replied to only at intervals by the Spaniards. Some of the hostile shots fall near, but not a vessel is struck; and the object of our attack—the annoyance of the enemy in the construction of new fortifications—having been accomplished, our ships slowly withdraw, followed by one last defiant shot from the hostile lines.

Such, as I saw it, was the first engagement in the present war with Spain. Of little or no importance in comparison with what the future will undoubtedly bring to us, still it marks an epoch in the history of the war; and the splendid spirit displayed by the men, the perfect discipline and order that prevailed among those who, with but very few exceptions, heard the "shot fired in anger" for the first time, show beyond a doubt that, whatever may happen hereafter, no disgrace at their hands will come to the flag they serve.

ON PATROL ALONG THE CUBAN COAST—THE SKIRMISH AT MARIEL.

How quiet everything is to-night! Nothing but the subdued thud of the propeller, the drowsy hum of the engine, and the swish of the water on the sides as the ship glides through the water. Some of the youngsters in the junior officers' mess were laughing and singing a little while ago, but now all is hushed and silent. No tattoo or taps; quietly the men off watch have gone to their hammocks, or are lying on their blankets spread upon the deck. Hardly a light shows anywhere; only the battle-lanterns burn dimly through their screens. Around the shotted and ready guns the men on watch are gathered; shot, shell, and cartridge lie near by, while, loaded rifle on shoulder, the vigilant sentries pace to and fro. Up on the high bridges shadowy figures loom against the sky. The ship is cleared for action; the decks are swept clean of all obstructions; battle-hatches hide the skylights; every port is covered. Away off yonder the coast, faintly visible against the starlit sky, stretches along the horizon. A great fire is burning there on the hill-side, and to the westward a faint flash of silvery light, moving to and fro in a long shaft, marks where the enemy lies at Morro.

So many miles to the eastward, then over with the helm and back again so many miles to the westward, the watchful patrol goes on. The ship, a mere shadow against the dark waters and scarcely lighter sky, moves silently; everywhere wakeful eyes peer through the night, on the watch for the least suspicious object. The slightest blur on the surface darker than the surrounding waters, the faintest gleam of light, is immediately reported to the officer of the deck, and guns are trained in the direction where light or shadow has been seen. Anxious times for all hands these night-watches, for it is reported that some of the enemy's torpedo-boats are out of Havana Harbor, and no one can tell whence an unexpected blow may come. Sometimes there is a momentary blaze from the electric lamps on the foremast, just two or three lights showing for a second, then extinguished again. Far off in the gloom an answering gleam shows, as another of our patrolling ships passes, saying "Friend!" to the challenge of the private night signal. Drifting clouds cast great shadows over the sea; now and then a wave breaks into foam, showing for a second in startling contrast with the surrounding inky blackness. The breeze hums in mournful musical tune in the muzzles of the four-inch guns over the sides there, like revengeful spirits longing to break loose. The mind wanders far away to the Northern home where the dear ones are. Heigh ho! *Che sarà sarà!* I'm going to turn in!

Something has disturbed my sleep, and I lie there in a semi-unconscious state for a moment or two. Chur-r-r-*chunk!* chur-r-r-*chunk!* in quick rhythmic steady motion the engines are working. Hello! we're hitting it up! There must be a chase on, and I raise myself up on elbow, broad awake now, and listening to the rush of the waters alongside. The good ship is trembling, and I feel the leap and bound of her hull as she speeds along like a race-horse on the homestretch. Hark! there goes the bugle for'ard. Ta-ta-ra-ta! breaking out loud and shrill again further aft. General quarters, by Jove! Turn out, every mother's son of you! Just as the sleepy mess-boys come trooping in through the mess-room doors, and the ammunition-hatch gapes open, I hastily pull some outer clothing over my pajamas, thrust my feet into my shoes, and make my way on deck. Everybody is astir. Officers, some all equipped, others with sword and revolver buckled on over their night-clothes, feet in slippers, are all ready at their posts; the men, just as they have been routed out of their hammocks, barefooted, bareheaded, accoutrements on, stand at the guns. The for'ard search-light is working, sending a shaft of brilliant light out over the starboard bow. Bang! there goes one of the forward guns. Hark to the shriek of the shell. "Turn on the starboard waist light!" and another bright ray darts into the gloom, and there in huge bulk, answering in graceful roll to the touch of the sea, a steamer lies, and streaming from the staff at her stern the friendly red flag of Britain flutters in the breeze. "What ship is that?" comes the hail from the bridge. "*Strathdee*, of Glasgow," the prompt answer comes back. "Stand by! I shall send a boat aboard," is the order from our ship. The stranger's crew is gathered on her forecastle, gazing curiously on the Yankee man-o'-war, while on her bridge her officers stand, awaiting the arrival of our boat, now tossing and tumbling on the waves between the ships. Our visit is short. Friendly sentiments are exchanged between our boarding officer and the steamer's skipper, who praises the vigilance of our warships, stating that he had already been held up twice before that night.

Daylight now, a bright, breezy afternoon, and close in to the coast. What a beautiful land this is that stretches before us, as, lazily steaming along, we open out one little cove after another. We have passed close to the blockaded city, so close that the powerful new batteries that defend the entrance to the harbor and far-famed Morro Castle were in plain view; and bathed in the afternoon light, the bright-hued houses of Havana rose tier on tier on the surrounding uplands. Although within range, the Spanish guns maintain sullen silence.

Closer and closer we draw in to the coast, *Porter* and *Ericsson*, our two accompanying torpedo-boats, dancing merrily on either quarter. Over a point tipped by an ancient white Martello tower, the red-roofed houses of a large town—Cabañas—appear, and a beautiful little bay, Mariel, lies before us. We see long tile-roofed lines of buildings—warehouses probably, to judge from the docks hard by; and on a wooded hill on the right of the harbor's mouth a block-house rises above the trees surrounding. Save for a little white vessel—a Spanish gunboat, no doubt, which goes scurrying away behind what seem to be islands—there are no signs of life that I can make out, although like enough there are panic and fear in the streets of the town beyond. The masts of some vessels can be seen faintly outlined against the houses, while on the beautiful hills, where graceful palms sway and thick masses of dark green foliage melt and fade into the distance, smoke is rising. For some time we lie there; up on the bridge the admiral and the officers of his staff are busy, their glasses sweeping the land from point to point, and evidently in consultation—what about is none of my business.

Very slowly we take up our course again; outlying houses appear on the heights, some of them in ruins, others evidently the buildings of some large estate. A great yellow house in a grove of trees is conspicuous; we can see some moving objects, which our glasses show to be horsemen, quite a large number, the enemy's cavalry apparently. No further notice would be taken of them, but they are evidently very desirous of attracting our attention—a wish which we afterward proceed to gratify, let us hope, to their full satisfaction—for it is not long before rolling little clouds of smoke and the faint distant prutt of volleys of small-arms show that they have opened fire upon us. Quickly some of our four-inch guns are manned; biff! biff! a shell, then another and another, humming and buzzing like hornets, return the compliments of the ship to our friends ashore. Right in among them we drop our cards, so to speak, and the gentlemen "stand not on the order of their going, but go at once." Perhaps they will not be so eager to make themselves too openly conspicuous to an American man-o'-war again, and probably, if the story were told to them, they would appreciate the ancient tale in which the principal characters consisted of a monkey and a buzz-saw.

R. F. ZOGBAUM.

SPAIN AND THE PHILIPPINES.

THE history of the Philippine Islands since Magalhaens took possession of them, three hundred and seventy-seven years ago, in the name of Charles I., has shown all the worst defects of Spanish colonial government, except perhaps its cruelty. For the first hundred years the Spaniards cannot be held altogether accountable for the internal condition of the archipelago, having as much as they could do to keep their hold on the islands against the attacks of the Portuguese and the Dutch and the ceaseless filibustering expeditions from China and Japan. But the opening of the seventeenth century found them firmly in the saddle, with no outside complications to distract them from the work of developing the colony. Except for the British invasion in 1762, they have been left unhampered by any foreign power for the last two hundred and fifty years. If in that time, with a clear field to work in, they have been unable to maintain order among the natives or to build up a flourishing dependency out of the most favorable materials, the inference is fair that, however fitted they may once have been for conquest, the art of colonizing is not in them.

They made the initial mistake of never thoroughly conquering the wild tribes they set out to rule. Manila to them was but the basis and starting-point for conquest. They aimed at nothing less than the subjection of China and Japan. And when repeated failure had taught them the impossibility of its fulfilment, they fell back at last upon the Philippines, and endeavored to make good their years of neglect. But the golden moment had passed. The terror of their first victories had died away. The fierce savages of the mountains and the Mussulmans in the Sulu Archipelago repulsed every effort to subdue them. To this day, of the 7,000,000 natives who inhabit the Philippines, it is judged that at least 1,000,000 are independent of Spanish control.

Spain's conquests three hundred years ago were as much religious as military. No expedition left her shores without the blessing of the Pope, and no territory was added to the empire the government of which, as a matter of course, was not equally divided between the Church and the state. The Roman Catholic Church, as an agency of colonial administration, has been the strongest of Spain's reserve forces and the cause of much of her civil weakness. It has bred jealousies and disputes, and destroyed the possibility of a strong central administration; but it has at the same time, by its controlling influence among the native converts, kept them loyal and obedient, in spite of every form of official rapacity and misgovernment. Of late years, with increasing opportunities for self-education, the natives, too, have begun to clamor for something more than the satisfaction of their spiritual needs, and no longer yield the same passive obedience to the temporal authority of the Church. Needless to say, the civil officials have fought continually with the monks. The Church in the Philippines exercises all the powers it held in England before the Reformation, and of course with far greater effect. It claims to be the supreme governing authority of the colony, deriving its title from the pontiff, and it demands also a complete immunity from civil courts of justice. The resultant conflicts are only what might have been expected.

One may trace a further reason for Spain's failure to colonize successfully in the character of the population she has allowed to grow up in the Philippines. To govern an archipelago of 1000 islands, even without the embarrassment of an antagonistic Church, would be difficult enough. It was made more difficult for Spain by her short-sightedness in not conquering all the native races. But the intricacies of the problem were vastly increased by the presence and propagation of half-breeds. In the Philippines, as in Cuba and Mexico, Spanish authority has found its fiercest opponents in the half-castes, whom official foolishness has permitted and even encouraged to multiply. The population of the Philippines consists roundly of 7,000,000 souls. Of these sixty-seven per cent. (about 4,700,000) are pure natives, split up into numberless tribes, and speaking about two hundred dialects, but in character and disposition not unlike the Southern negroes. They are peaceful and indolent fellows, who work as field hands and day-laborers in the intervals of cock-fighting. About thirty per cent. of the entire population are Chinese or Chinese half-breeds—that is to say, over 2,000,000; three per cent. are Spaniards, creoles, and Spanish half-breeds, about 200,000; and only one-hundredth of one per cent.—under 1000 in all—are Europeans or Americans. The encouragement of mixed marriages in the hope of raising the intellectual status of the natives has always been a favorite policy with the Romish Church in uncivilized countries. But the small gain has been dearly purchased by the perpetuation of a class which, despising the natives and despised by the pure Europeans, fills an intermediate position, from which there is no escape but by revolution. Spanish authority, and with it the temporal powers of the Church, have in every country been undermined first of all by the half-castes. In the Philippines the enormous number of Chinese half-breeds has proved a peculiar menace to the government, the Chinese merchants having practically all the retail trade of the colony in their hands, and being animated by their usual hatred for Europeans. Six rebellions in the present century have been directly traceable to their influence.

One may enumerate these difficulties and mistakes without end and yet miss the real secret of Spain's failure. It lies in the multiplicity and venality of the Spanish officials. All the evidence goes to show that if Boss Tweed's system of government were to be extended to every department of colonial and provincial administration the result could not be much worse than Spanish rule in the Philippines. And with this open corruption, as a necessary corollary, have gone excessive taxation and a neglect of public works—so much so that of all the colonies subject to a European power the Philippines of late years have been the most backward and the least provided with the ordinary improvements of civilization. It is a small but significant fact that travellers report 70 per cent. of the roads impassable during the rainy and 40 per cent. during the dry season. Spain has never been a nation of commerce, and had it not been for the enterprise of British and American merchants Manila hemp and sugar and tobacco might never have been heard of. It is only during the last forty or fifty years that the Philippines, in spite of the Spanish, have become known to the markets of the world. Since then some small concessions have been grudgingly made to foreign traders, but the Spanish mind is still as far off an enlightened fiscal policy as it was three hundred years ago. Spain has thrown away a glorious heritage by sheer inability to turn it to profit, and her successors will have a difficult task in rectifying the mistakes of the past. Fortunately there is the consolation that any change in the government of the Philippines must be for the better.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

SOLDIERS WHO CRY.

YESTERDAY I called at the Ninth Infantry camp, and Colonel Powell told the following in the course of conversation, and it struck me as a new note. This regiment came from Plattsburg Barracks, New York, and when the order came to go the colonel asked his captains to draw up small details out of the companies which should be left behind to guard and look after the property of the government at Plattsburg.

The colonel drew these details up in line to instruct them in their duties, which he did at some length. He said he noticed tears running down the faces of some of the men, but it did not strike him seriously at the time. He dismissed the squad and left the building; but in a string behind him came the men, crying like children. One old mustached and grizzled chap was bawling as though at his mother's funeral; he begged, he pleaded, he implored the colonel by all his gods not to leave him behind. Others did the same, standing there crying, blubbering, and beseeching Colonel Powell not to make them stay behind. The old colonel was quite taken aback. He did not know just what to do. He liked the spirit, but the discipline had never had just this sort of a shock before, and it upset him. He told the men they had been detailed by their captains to stay behind to guard property because they were steady men. It did nothing but cause more pleading and blubbering, and the colonel walked away. He did not tell me if he had a tear in his own eye when he turned his back, but the men had to be rounded sharply up and regularly made to stay. That is the kind of boys to follow the band, I say.

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